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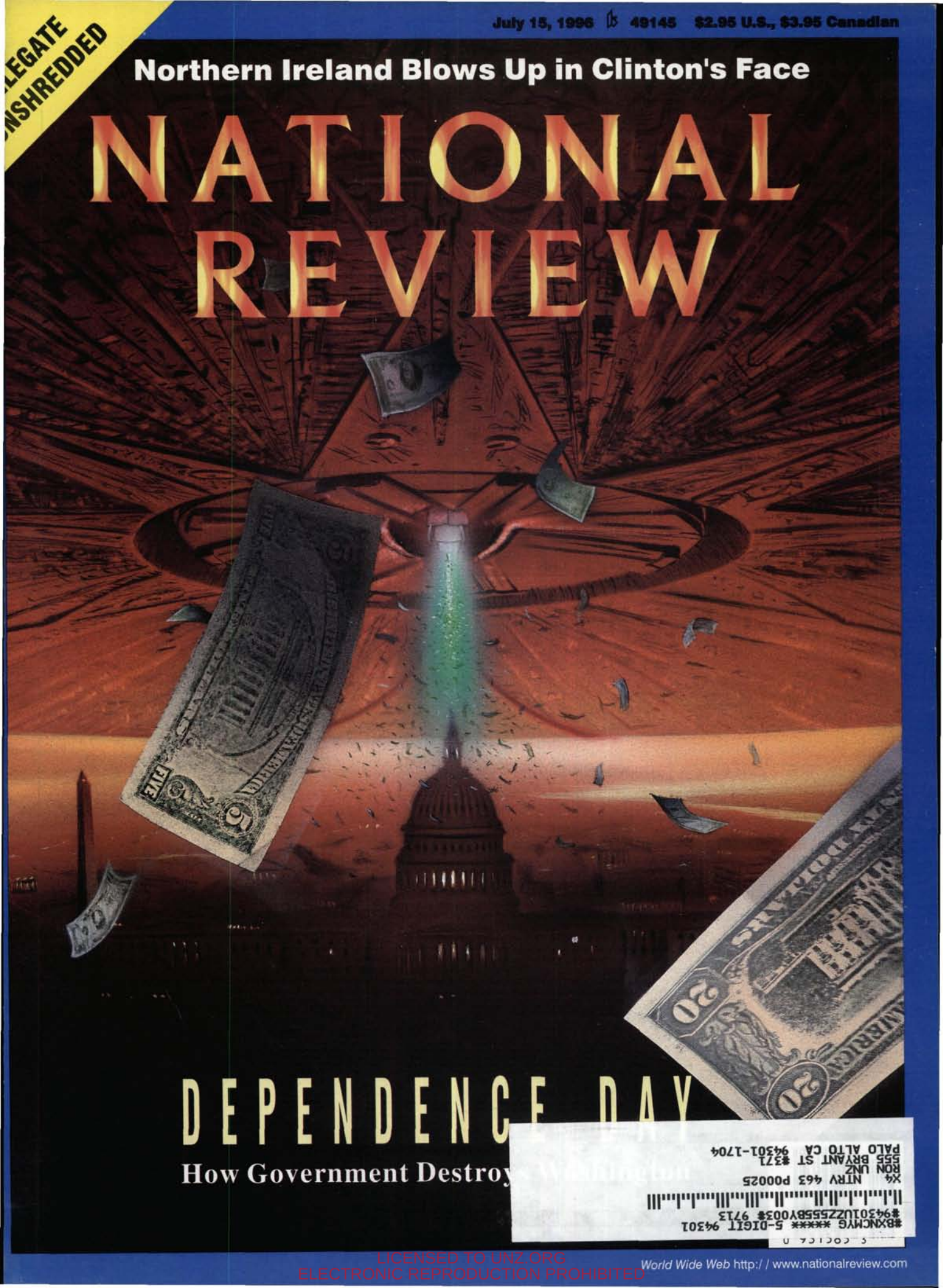

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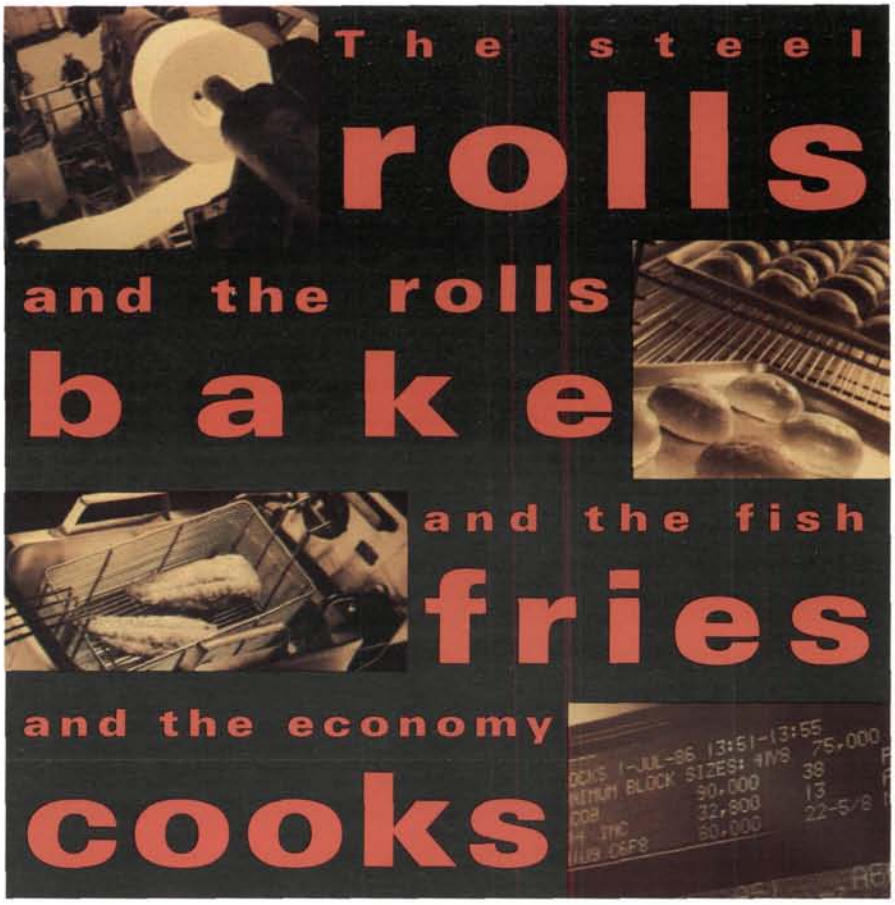

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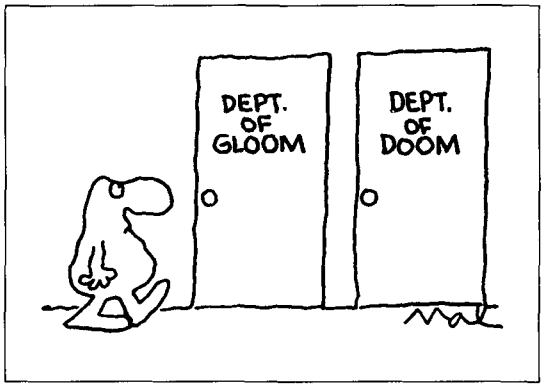

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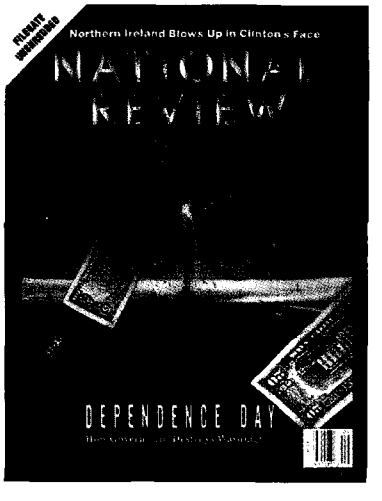

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LETTERS

How to Civilize a Man

I applaud Elizabeth Powers's review of *Feminism Is* Not *the Story of My Life* [June 3], except for one comment. Her reference to the female role in "civilizing men" is misplaced. It is not the absence or failure of the traditional maternal role that has let our young men down. It is the failure of *men* to civilize young boys that is at fault. By tradition and common sense, it is men who teach boys to struggle fairly and reasonably, to take responsibility, to be compassionate yet strong, to respect the force of law yet abhor unnecessary violence.

It is incumbent upon men to teach an unpopular idea to boys: that there is infinitely more to proper manhood and adulthood than the adrenaline-spiked thrills of youthful adventure and conquest. Frankly, perhaps young women could stand to learn this lesson from their fathers as well.

T. Bruce Godfrey
Owings Mills, Md.

People(s) in History

In "We the Peoples" [March 25] John Fonte asserts that in a recent report, the Council for Basic Education endorsed the phrase "the American peoples" which appears in the National History Standards. Mr. Fonte's criticism was not only premature, but also inaccurate. The report to which Mr. Fonte refers is *History in the Making: An Independent Review of the Voluntary National History Standards*. This report is a product of an examination of the National History Standards by two independent review panels which made extensive recommendations to improve the standards.

While the panels did endorse the "Criteria for the Development of Standards," they also made recommendations to eliminate bias and leading language throughout the document. There was consensus among the panelists that using the word "peoples" in reference to the many ethnic groups which form the American people was inappropriate. Therefore, in the revised version of the National History Standards (released in April after Mr. Fonte's article), the term "peoples" has been eliminated except in reference to "indigenous peoples" and "the world's many peoples." The core standard which Fonte criticized now requires students to understand "how the rise of corporations, heavy industry, and mechanized farming transformed the American people."

The CBE has always been a leading advocate of rigorous academic standards for all students, and it was the review panels' finding that the National History Standards represent a good beginning toward the development of high expectations for American students in the study of history.

Christopher T. Cross
Council for Basic Education
Washington, D.C.

It is Mr. Cross who is inaccurate. The CBE's report praised the "Criteria" for the National History Standards as "solid guiding principles" and proclaimed: "These are sound criteria for developing standards in history." Significantly, the Criteria refer to the "many peoples" of the United States. Nowhere in the CBE's advisory report is there any recommendation to eliminate the numerous references to the "American peoples" throughout the history standards. As Mr. Cross admits, it was "after Fonte's article" that the term "peoples" was dropped from the revised National History Standards.

Unfortunately, the revised history standards remain biased. The CBE's review panels were neither impartial nor "independent." Gary Nash, the primary director of the history standards project, was given veto power over the composition of the CBE panels and used it to keep serious critics of the history standards (e.g., Professor John Patrick Diggins) off the panels. —JF

Pompous Sermons?

In Florence King's glib, unfunny gay-marriage article ["The Misanthrope's Corner," June 3], she never once stated a clear defendable position on the issue, choosing instead a vague, barely relevant quotation on the inadvisability of changing—"weakening"—respected long-standing institutions such as marriage. An admirable-sounding sentiment, which lawmakers bash their heads against every time they try to adapt a 220-year-old Constitution to contemporary issues such as abortion and euthanasia (and homosexuality). Bob Dole, Rush Limbaugh, and now Miss King, have all used the same tired strategy in the gay-marriage debate; they don't so much address the issue as smother it in pieties. Their technique consists of giving broad, windy speeches about the "contemporary decline of morality" or the "decay of traditional families"—safe, meaningless buzzwords that seem to get a Pavlovian response from conservative audiences too busy applauding to ask what this high-sounding rhetoric has to do, specifically, with gay marriage, homosexuality, the price of eggs, or *anything* concrete and tangible. Substitution of easy moral generalizations for reasoned, precise discourse is infuriatingly effective; gays have been fighting it for decades.

Perhaps Miss King and her ilk are sage enough to realize that if they ever examined this issue with fairness and specificity, they'd be forced to confront the perverse truth that conservatives expect gays to respect families while forbidding us to form our own. That simple fact makes all their pompous sermons shrivel and collapse like the over-inflated toy balloons they really are.

Steven Zumbrun
Hampstead, Md.

Vote Fraud

My thanks to Rich Lowry and NATIONAL REVIEW for their coverage of vote fraud ["Early and Often," June 17]. During the 1993 special State Senate race in Pennsylvania's 2nd District, I was a Republican officer in one of that district's wards. I worked closely with the Marks campaign, the State Attorney General's office, and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* in identifying those individuals whose votes had been stolen by the Stinson "bounty hunters." Many were appalled, but fewer were immediately eager to cooperate in our efforts to ensure that the properly elected candidate represented the district.

Carol A. Golden
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bloody Irrational

Eugene H. Methvin ["Bloody Murderers," June 3] finds "There is not very much we can do to stop" madmen killers. Two hundred thirty grains of lead administered cranially is a certain stopper. The real mass murderers are those who've ensured that a large part of the population has neither the "mindset" nor the pistol permit that would allow "self-defense." Rational thought recognizes that authorities cannot defend individuals; irrational thought expects the authorities to do so and guarantees madmen a disarmed populace.

Don Davis
Norman, Ind.

Other?

The biography for Frank Salter's "Political Science" [June 3] tells us that he "writes on sociological and other scientific issues": Please, is this oxymoron an exercise in levity? Are you mocking the author or sociology? Or was the word "other" a slip of the word processor?

Jacob W. Bruynzeel
Sunland, Calif.

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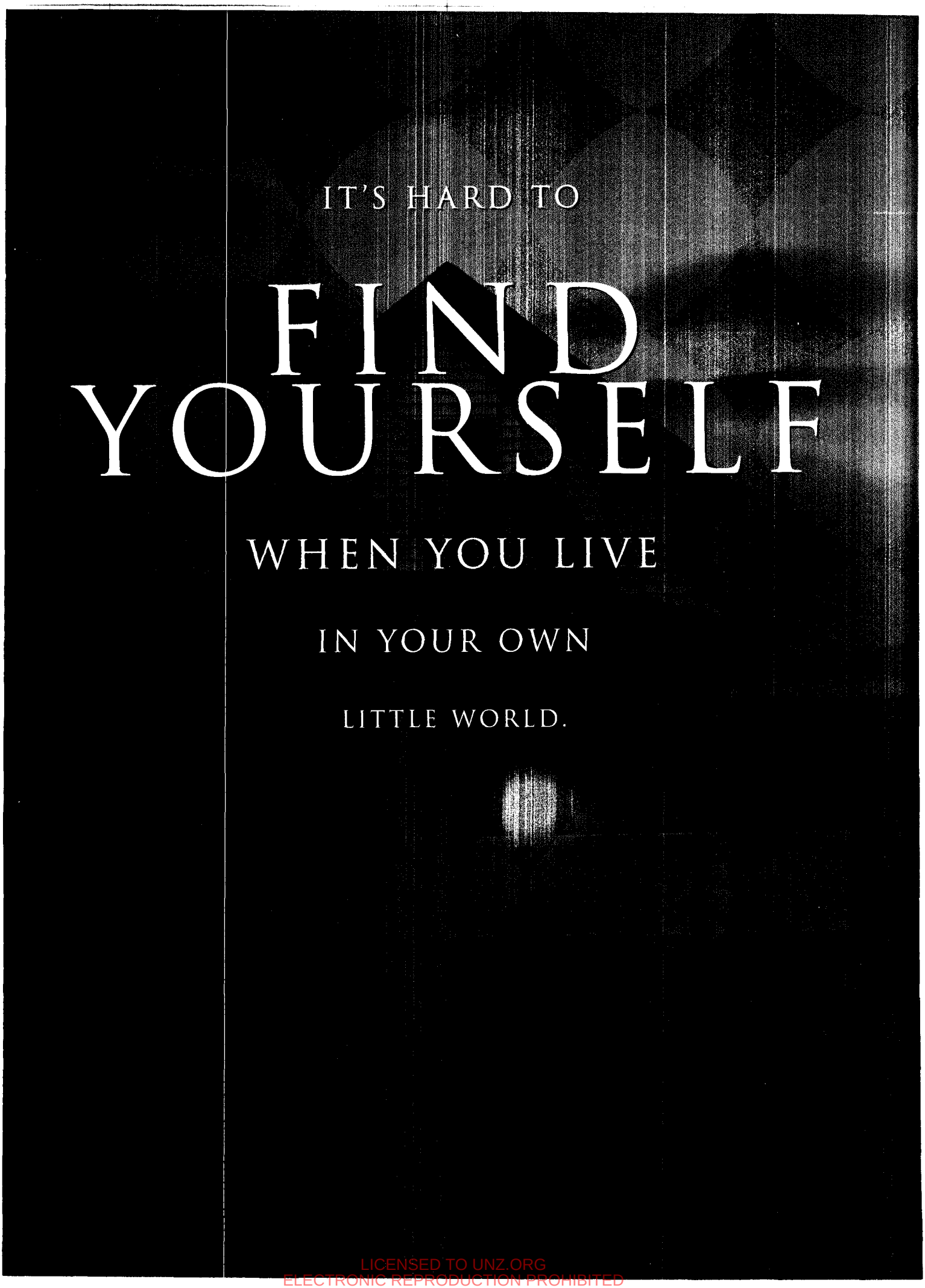

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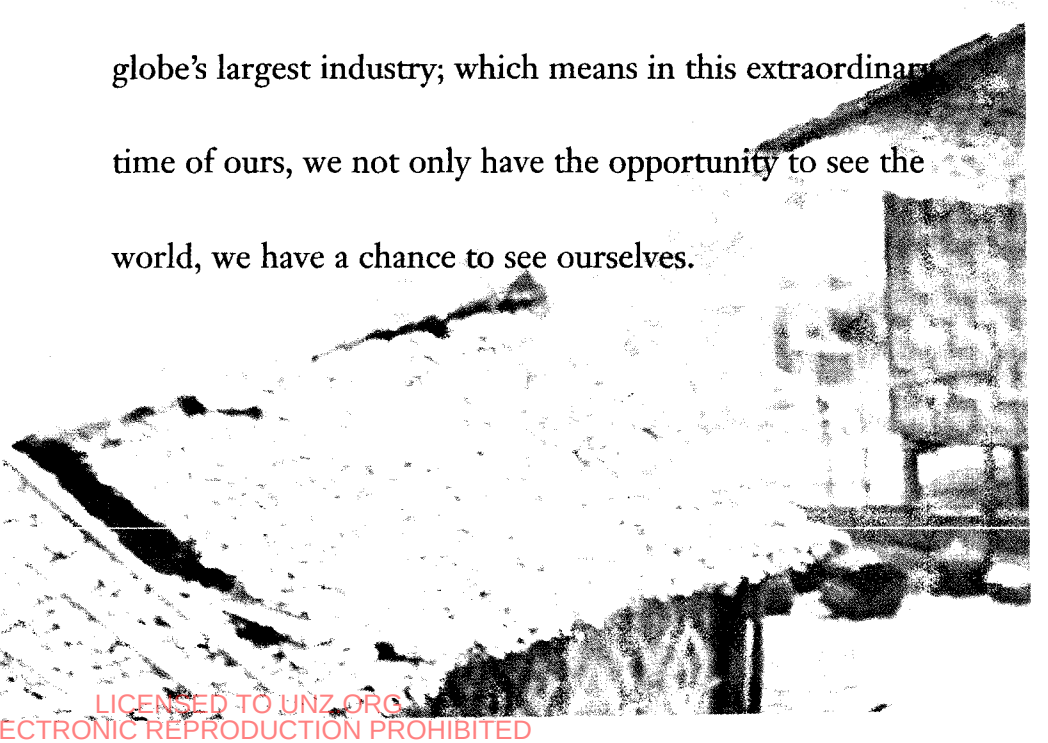

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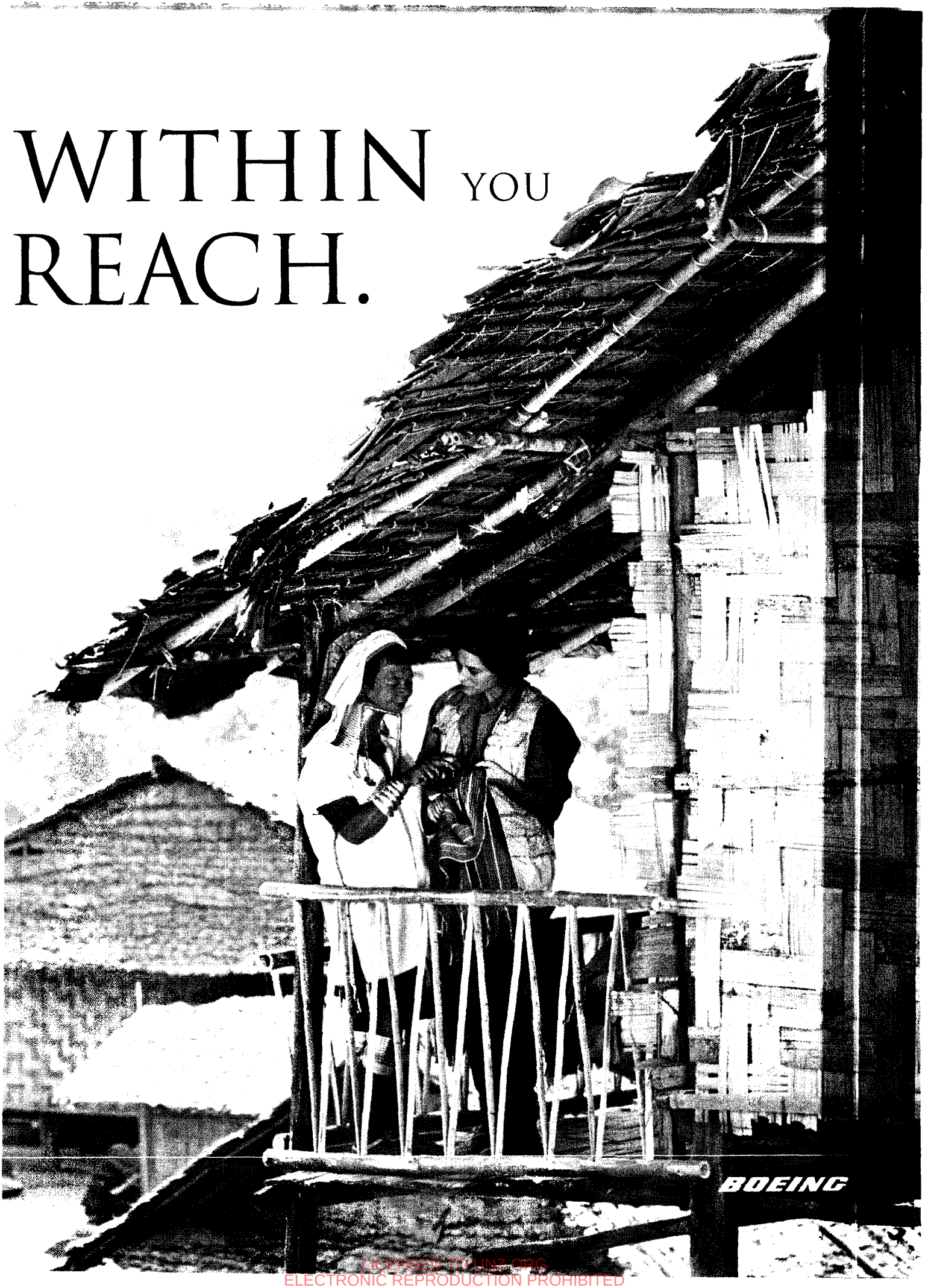

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FROM THE EDITOR

Lively Minds

■ Another letter to C. S. Lewis from his London publisher about a proposed novel has come to light from the late 1940s. It makes sobering reading:

Dear Lewis, Many thanks for the crate of Theakston's Old Peculiar. I drank three or four bottles watching cricket on Saturday and woke up some hours later feeling quite old and very peculiar.

Thanks are also in order from the firm for your latest sales figures. I ran into the Chancellor of the Exchequer at my club yesterday and he asked me to pass on the Government's thanks too. He added that, with income and surtax combined, you would have to render about 98 per cent unto Caesar.

All of which makes me regret that I have to be so gloomy about your latest draft. Once again, I must stress that even religious fantasy has to have a decent minimum of plausibility. A Polish Pope and a reunited Germany I can just about imagine (though in reality the Soviet Union would never allow either).

What strains credulity, however, is your account of the demonstration against the Pope on his state visit to Berlin. Again, I can envision a dignified Lutheran protest. But naked women, men dressed as nuns in pink habits, would-be priestesses in condom-shaped hats—really, Lewis, this is beyond belief. (What is a condom, by the way?)

And suppose such a saturnalia were mounted? I had a chat about this with the local RC padre (very decent sort, fought at Arnhem), and we agreed that there would be condemnation across the globe. You seem to think it would be a one day's news story. That would mean Europe and America had become unimaginable sinks of corruption.

It's not on, old boy. Have another Old Peculiar and write one of those jolly stories about Screwtape. Yours, etc.

■ Mary Meaney's witty account of the Habitat conference in Istanbul (page 25), like Anne Applebaum's witty account of the UN Women's Conference in Peking last year, establishes beyond any real doubt that the United Nations is now acting as the enforcing agent for the Western sexual revolution.

This is such an extraordinary development—why should Western governments and bodies like the European Union and Habitat seek international acceptance for a definition of the family that includes gay and lesbian households?—that many people will dismiss it without examination.

Yet we should not be altogether surprised. These UN pressures are consistent with court rulings, bureaucratic decisions, and the agenda of left-wing parties and pressure groups in the U.S. and Europe. All that Istanbul and Peking illustrate is that this liberal Overclass has gone international.

What it can't get passed in legislatures, imposed by judicial fiat, or smuggled through in the federal regulations at home, it hopes to entrench in treaties. It will then explain to domestic opponents that we cannot reject or even amend what has been accepted by countless governments, including ours.

But there is hope. Miss Meaney reports that Australian conservatives sent news Down Under of what the country's official delegation was up to. Results: public astonishment and outrage in Oz, and the speedy dispatch of new instructions to Their Man in Istanbul.

We have to translate Burke's dictum that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance" into other languages. And stand ready to reject what the voters never knew their government was accepting (or even promoting).

■ Michael Kinsley's sprightly new Internet magazine, *Slate*, has a signature tune (for those subscribers whose computers can manage it). It is Fats Waller singing "You meet the nicest people," which, in addition to being a wonderful song, expresses what a good magazine is about: namely, encountering lively minds.

Not to be outdone, I announce a competition for *NR*'s signature tune.

"Mad Dogs and Englishmen" will not be accepted. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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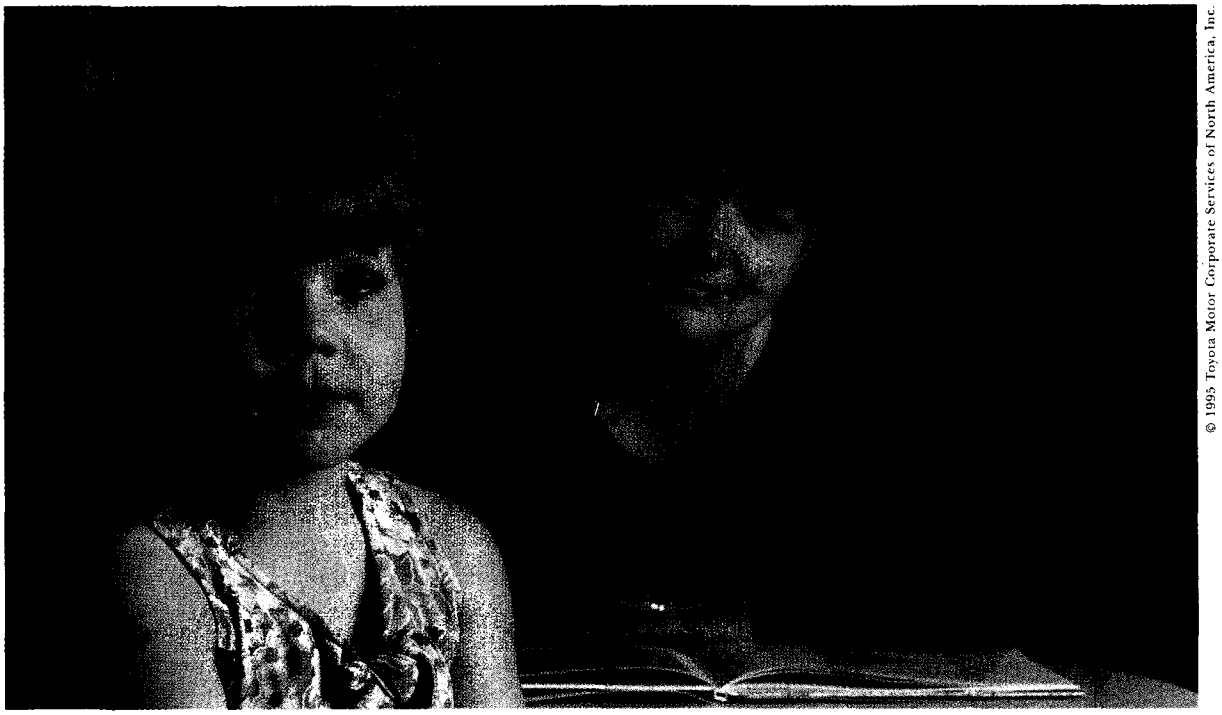

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In Tennessee, Britanny Johnson and her mother, Kathy, attend classes together through Families for Learning, a program sponsored by Toyota.

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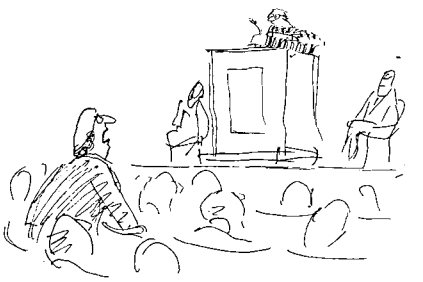
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Bob Dole**, still struggling to put to rest abortion flap he raised by saying on CNN he would put "tolerance statement" directly in pro-life plank of the platform, meets for more than an hour with pro-life platform committee chairman **Henry Hyde**. Dole and Hyde reportedly discuss three possibilities: putting tolerance statement in preamble, in the body of the platform in a general statement about GOP diversity, or in a number of different controversial planks, including but not limited to abortion. . . . Christian Coalition executive director **Ralph Reed** threatens "to go to San Diego and oppose" platform with tolerance statement directly in pro-life plank, while Hyde considered resigning as chairman of platform committee when Dole made his CNN comments. . . . Dole, in an interview with the *Washington Times*, chastises House freshmen: "They came here with a mandate. . . . Those people, who voted for you want you to do it, but they don't want you to do it so fast." . . . Dole, in another context, says "I want to remind people the Republican party is compassionate." . . . Dole advisors reported to think up-tick in a recent CNN poll validates his move to the center on abortion, taxes, other issues.

■ Spin control, we presume? **George Stephanopoulos** changes tune on FBI filegate figure **Craig Livingstone**. In 1994 Stephanopoulos told *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*: "He does a terrific job. All I know is that anything that has to do with security or logistics—Craig's going to take care of it. . . . And he knows how to cut through the bureaucracy and get things done." When asked about Livingstone recently by the *Washington Post*, Stephanopoulos demurred: "I don't know him that well. He's a guy that was around." . . . *New Yorker*'s **Michael Kelly** reports on run-in between ACLU legislative director **Laura Murphy** and Clinton advisor **Rahm Emanuel**. According to Murphy when she confronted Emanuel on administration's alleged ACLU-bashing he replied: "Go ahead and get angry at us. That's good. Fight back publicly. That's good for us." . . . Clinton movingly evoked Arkansas church burnings from his childhood in his June 8 Saturday radio address. But Arkansas *Democrat-Gazette* reports that there were no church burnings in the state when Clinton was growing up. . . . Columnist **James Glassman** notes that, despite hype, fires at black churches have been at most roughly proportional to those at white churches over the last five years.

■ Chicago businessman **Thomas F. Roeser** writes in *Chicago Tribune* of Illinois Governor **Jim Edgar**'s tepid support of insurgent conservative Senate candidate **Al Salvi** who upset party favorite in GOP primary: "The gubernatorial-industrial complex still resents it when gray, 'pragmatic,' hack candidates lose primaries to movement people imbued with ideas." . . . Bishop **James T. McHugh** of Camden, New Jersey, denounces President Clinton's latest defense of his veto of partial-birth abortion ban legislation: "[his words] make it painfully clear that he will distort any fact, confuse any truth, and resort to the worst type of insult to justify himself."

■ Media Research Center finds that the three major newsweeklies and newspaper *USA Today* referred to Republicans as "extreme" 149 times since Clinton won election, while applying the label to Democrats just seven times. . . . *Today* show host **Bryant Gumbel** asks **Tim Russert** of report showing Medicare is going broke: "Tim, curious. Would we still be having this discussion if everyone hadn't attacked the President's health care reform plan for political expediency about two years ago?" . . . NBC *Nightly News* reports that GAO found in four-month audit that dishonest Agriculture Department employees accepted 652 collect calls from prisoners, then at taxpayer expense forwarded calls long-distance to wherever prisoners wanted, including sex lines in the Dominican Republic.



"So much for leadership. What about taxes?"

■ Reform supporters of Mexican Pres. **Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de Leon** warn a political coup to force him out four years ahead of his one six-year-term limit is in the making. If he goes before his term, the Mexican Congress, where hardliners of the Partido Revolucionario Institutional predominate, would select his successor. . . . Looks like **Tung Chee-hwa**, a billionaire Hong Kong shipping magnate, is a candidate to run the territory after the Chinese takeover next year. Tung is the pick of fellow magnates **Henry Fok**, **Li Ka-shing**, and other self-nominated members of a pro-Beijing Preparatory Commission for the takeover. . . . Saintly **Abbé Pierre**, often voted the most admired man in France, has fled to a monastery in Switzerland after a scandal broke over the famed defender of the poor's endorsement of a book by his friend **Roger Garaudy** which questions whether six million Jews died in Nazi death camps. . . . **Ille Nastaste**, former tennis star, was accused by the opposing Democratic Party deputy leader **Adrian Severin** in his race for mayor of his native Bucharest of having fled Romania during the revolution against the Communists "to spend New Year's eve quiet, secure, and in opulence in Paris."

■ *NR* mistakenly reported in the July 1 "For the Record" that **George Weigel** will be writing an "official" biography of Pope **John Paul II**. Mr. Weigel informs us that, while he is undertaking this project with the encouragement and support of the Pope and expects to produce an authoritative account of the life and pontificate of John Paul II, his book will be a work of independent scholarship.

■ David Letterman quips, "[Dole] changed the name of his ship from 'Leadership' to 'Citizen Ship,' and some people feel, in a couple of months, he'll be changing the name of the campaign to the sinking ship."

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THE WEEK

■ The problem isn't that Hillary Clinton talks to Eleanor Roosevelt, it's that she wants to.

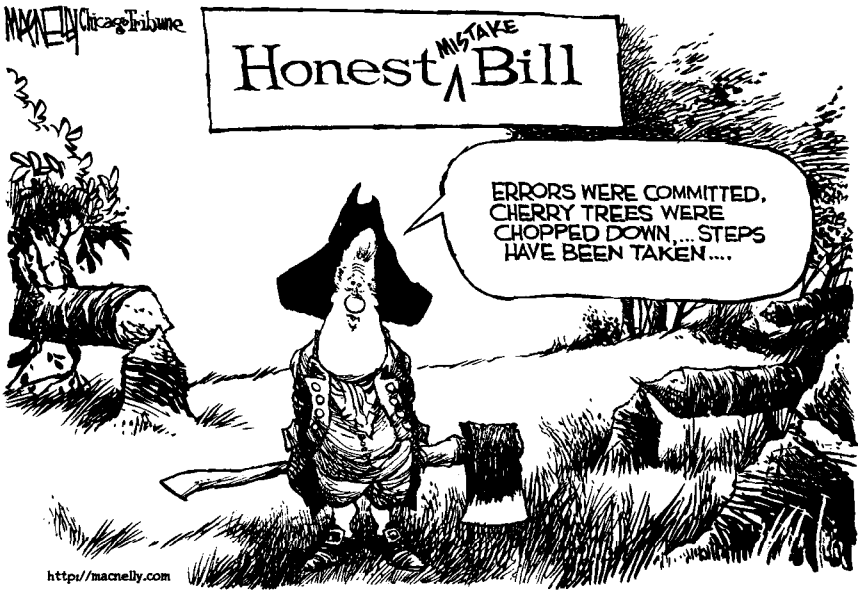
■ Hard to believe, but there it was: a Democrat standing on the House floor pointing at a chart showing how Republicans have reversed President Clinton's success at reducing the deficit. Odder still, he wasn't making it up. The budget resolution recently passed by congressional Republicans includes a spike in the deficit, which is projected to be larger both in 1997 and 1998 than this year. There are innocent explanations for the hiccup, chiefly that the deficit dipped lower than expected this year (perhaps as low as $130 billion). But for Republicans who have made actuarial decreases in the deficit their Holy Grail, it is embarrassing. More embarrassing still, when it seemed that the Energy–Water appropriations bill (the source of ample funding for New Mexico) would have to be cut, Senate Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici (R., N.M.) simply added $5 billion more to the overall budget. House Republicans went along, some openly exulting when extra money made its way into their districts. (The first effort by House freshmen to trim back the extra funding with a 1.9 per cent cut in the Interior appropriation bill won just 128 votes.) Some of this is understandable; these are politicians, after all, who have to win re-election. But higher deficits seem to be a dubious way to do it.

■ The White House is now attributing its possession of those FBI files to emanations under the penumbra of an honest bureaucratic snafu. That, or Eleanor told her to do it.

■ Many Americans who harbored doubts about the wisdom of anointing Colin Powell Vice President nevertheless hoped he would bring his dignified leadership into the political arena in some other capacity. These well-wishers have reason to be dismayed by the general's one recent foray into public policy. In a speech at Bowie State University, he announced his opposition to the California Civil Rights Initiative to repeal race and gender preferences. People of good will can, of course, take this position, but Powell refused to extend such courtesy to the other side. And he revealed himself to be woefully misinformed about the initiative. He thinks, for instance, that it would endanger outreach programs, whereas in fact it would affect only racially (or sexually) preferential outreach programs. Now Ward Connerly, the chairman of the CCRI campaign, has written, both in sorrow and in anger, a response to Powell. Connerly observes that Powell's best-selling book condemned preferential affirmative action, which is the only type of affirmative action that the CCRI would ban. Powell the author wrote that preferences stigmatize recipients, but Powell the speaker calls that argument "nonsense." Writes Connerly, "Frankly, I like the author better." Connerly calls Powell "a genuine American hero," but Connerly himself has displayed uncommon courage in his principled campaign. It is a mark of Republican dishonor that Connerly has been left to fight this battle alone.

■ Jean Houston, Hillary Clinton's New Age shrink, reportedly thinks Eleanor Roosevelt is Hillary's "archetypal, spiritual partner," much as Athena is for Dr. Houston. So, Dr. Houston: is She black?

■ Arthur A. Coia, general president of the Laborers' Union of North America (LUNA), has contributed nearly $400,000 to the Democratic National Committee (thereby making the party's "top ten" list with plenty of room to spare), given in excess of $3 million to various Democratic politicians since 1993, loaned $100,000 to the Clinton inaugural committee, and sent one seriously expensive hand-made golf club to the President. Why the gifts? In 1994, the Justice Department drafted a 212-page complaint charging the union with racketeering and heavy ties to organized crime, and threatened to take the union under government control. But a closed-door meeting between Coia and the Justice Department resulted in a one-sided agreement leaving Coia in charge and with complete control of LUNA's reforms—not to be reviewed until 1998. Rep. Bill McCollum (R., Fla.), chairman of the House Judiciary Committee's crime subcom-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mittee, plans to hold hearings on this sweetheart deal in the fall. Another FOB-SOB.

■ No wonder Mrs. Clinton guarded the identity of her, ah, ghost writers on *It Takes a Village*.

■ Dick Armey wants a flat tax. His major opponents may be not the class-warfare mavens of the Left but a decidedly upscale Beltway group: lobbyists. According to the House Majority Leader's report, the 67,000-man lobbying industry is the largest private-sector employer in D.C., accounting for one-sixth of the District's workforce. Plot the growth in the number of words in the tax code alongside growth in the number of lobbyists, and you'll see that both have more than tripled since 1964. That's no coincidence. Even in this era of spending cuts, nothing attracts special pleaders like the tax code. So how to jettison the tax code's bells and whistles? With 125 lobbyists for each congressman, a frontal assault won't work. We propose a special 0 per cent tax rate for lobbyists—to be enacted when they agree not to obstruct flat-tax legislation for the rest of us.

■ Hillary's forays into the spirit world would certainly explain how she managed to make all that money in cattle futures.

■ Fuaziya Kasinga of Togo was granted political asylum in the United States on the grounds that the practice of female genital mutilation in Togo constitutes persecution. Genital mutilation is an appalling practice, but we need to distinguish between brutal societies and official oppression. If mutilation in their home countries entitles foreigners to asylum in the United States, then half the women of Africa and many in the Middle East could come here. What about girls caught in the prostitution industry of Southeast Asia? Untouchables and bonded laborers in India? To paraphrase John Quincy Adams, we are the friends of civilization everywhere, but the guarantors only of our own.

■ President Clinton has been ruled ineligible for Mt. Rushmore because there isn't room for so many more faces.

■ Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty give Central Europe and the former Soviet Union reliable news about the region. While the Soviet Empire is no more, freedom of the press in all these countries is precarious once again, with ex- and neo-Communists making their comeback and even Boris Yeltsin turning the Russian media into an organ of state power. A Washington conference on June 19, hosted by *NR*, the Nixon Center for Peace and Freedom, and the Center for Security Policy—and attended by Senators Jon Kyl (R., Ariz.) and Joe Biden (D., Del.), Steve Forbes (former head of the Board for International Broadcasting), and Michael Zantovsky (former journalist and dissident, now Czech ambassador to the United States)—concluded that the radios were still doing indispensable work. Yet Radio Free Europe's Hungarian service has been canceled for lack of funds, and unless another $1 million is found before September 30 the Czech service will be doomed as well. Congress, take note.

■ *NR* Senior Editor Peter W. Rodman has just produced *America Adrift: A Strategic Assessment*, published by the Nixon Center for Peace and Freedom. It's a survey of the Clinton Administration's foreign policy and a handy guidebook to the damage done to America's global position by the Clintonistas' "multilateralism" and other strategic blunders. To admire the feat of compression involved in fitting them all into one document, call 1-800-USA-8865.

■ The largest American Protestant organization, the Southern Baptist Convention, has adopted a resolution calling for efforts to convert Jews to Christianity. Naturally this roiled the waters, occasioning outrage among some Jews. For such outrage there are understandable reasons: 1) efforts to convert Jews in centuries past often involved the sword rather than the word; 2) historically Christianity often demonized the Jew as an outsider or worse; and 3) the shadow of the Holocaust looms over all such matters. However, Christians from their side may decently answer that: 1) since they regard the doctrines of Christianity as true *and* universal, it would be a failure of *caritas*, without which life is as a tinkling cymbal, not to share them with all people; and 2) they do not see any reason to exclude their Jewish neighbors from the inclusive term "all people." While overbearing attempts at evangelizing are spiritually disgraceful, the polite, considerate effort to share Christian claims with one's neighbors should threaten no one—least of all, devout Jews.

■ Independence Day comes on July 7 this year. On that day, according to Americans for Tax Reform, we will have finally made enough to pay off our annual tax bill, interest on the deficit, and the cost of federal regulations. Keep the change.

Curiouser and Curiouser

When the snafu story foundered
And the underling turned out
To be someone rather seasoned
With a sniffing bloodhound snout,
Janet Reno told her agents
They'll be frisked by Kenneth Starr
Which the Clintons find improper,
Since his hands can go quite far.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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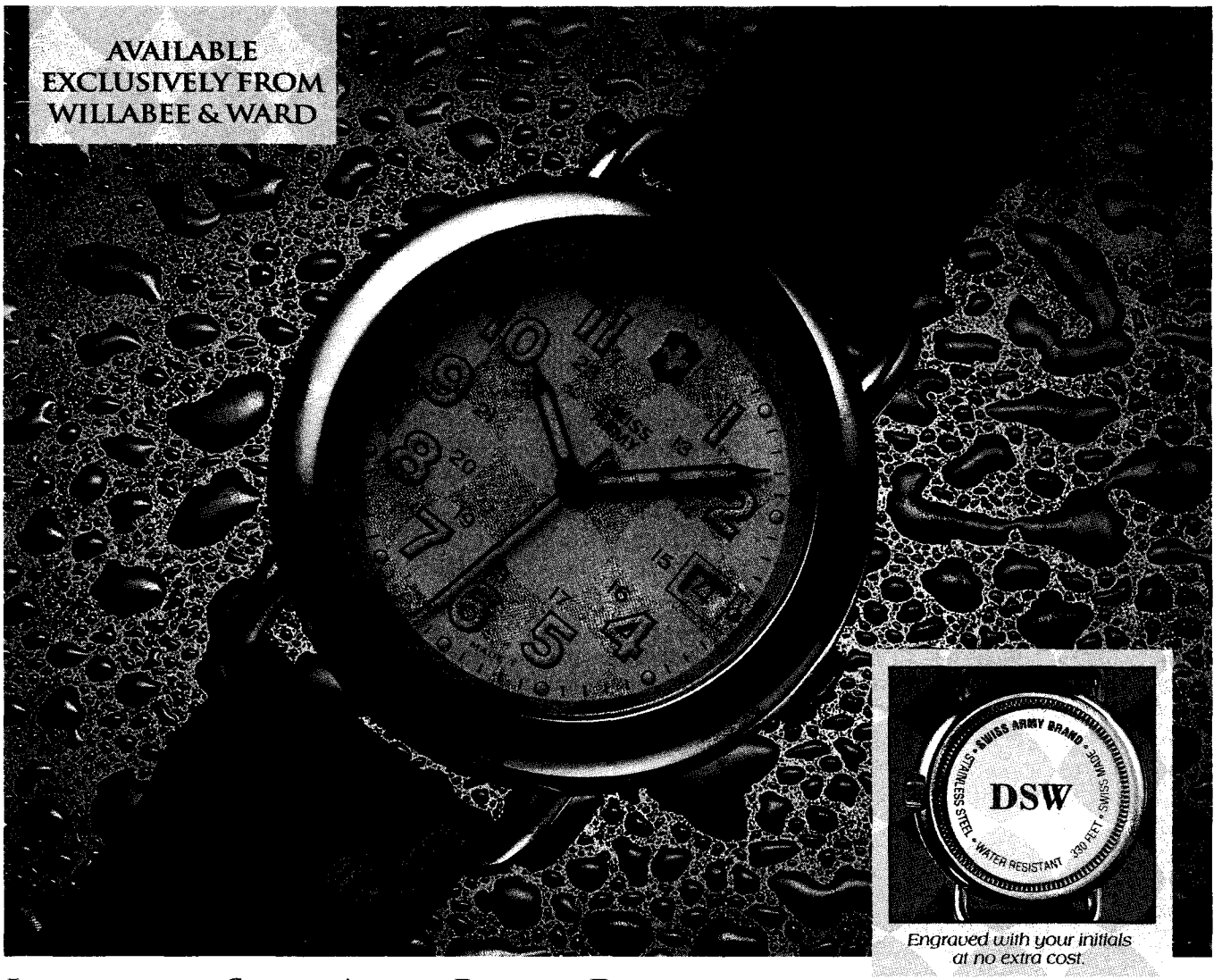

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The Cancer

THE number of Republican FBI files improperly obtained by the White House has been bumped up again (latest count: some six hundred), in what is by now a well-established Clinton Administration pattern: slowly leaked information followed by lightning-fast spin-control, subsequently revised to account for yet more new information. Administration apologists point to the continued random nature of the files as indicating an innocent mistake. This is still a possibility, although a diminishing one. The scandal—the one most easily understood by the public, and hence potentially most damaging—is no accident, on at least two fronts.

First, the two men involved, Craig Livingstone and Anthony Marceca, are typical Clinton hires: they took the place of two conscientious workers in the security office (one of whom had been there for 24 years); their background suggests they have a taste for ruthless politics; their performance proves that they are, at best, rank incompetents. These are the sorts of people the Clintons instinctively brought with them to the White House, soon enough to head to jail or resignations in disgrace.

Second, it could well be that Livingstone and Co. were acting with the knowledge or at the direction of their White House superiors. Two former FBI agents say they had word that Livingstone had a patron in Hillary Clinton (see "Where Lincoln Walked . . . " p. 14). One of them, Dennis Sculimbrene, has told congressional investigators that he was asked for confidential FBI information on the fired Travel Office employees—in the incident now known as "Travelgate"—by three White House officials, including former Associate White House Counsel William Kennedy. Abuse of the FBI, remember, was one of the counts in the impeachment proceedings against Richard Nixon. (Interestingly, Sculimbrene's own file has turned up in the care of Marceca.)

The Clinton scandals have not yet reached a Nixon-era pitch. But as the fallout continues to spread—ongoing Filegate hearings, a damning report from the special Whitewater committee, Clinton crony Bruce Lindsey named an unindicted co-conspirator in the current Perry County Bank trial—there is a sense that they are acquiring a momentum of their own. Indeed, it's a cliché to refer to a scandal as "metastasizing," but the cover-up-at-all-costs instincts of this White House have created that dynamic. The Whitewater committee report paints a portrait of a cover-up spawning deceptions that in turn require a cover-up of their own.

Hillary Clinton was worried about the consequences of the Madison mess from the beginning, destroying some of her Madison records as early as 1988. So when the White House got word of a criminal referral in early 1993, its officials—Bernie Nussbaum, Harold Ickes, etc.—kicked into high gear, working as *de facto* Clinton personal attorneys to spike the various investigations. They then tried to cover up their efforts at cover-up—interfering even with an internal investigation of improper White House contacts with Treasury officials—and treated the Whitewater committee to a steady diet of stonewalling, evasion, and apparently false testimony. The committee has made three criminal referrals of White House aides or associates—Ickes, Webb Hubbell, and Susan Thomases—for possible perjury and obstruction of justice.

The White House was just performing to the level of Mrs. Clinton herself, whom the committee fingers as the person most likely to have left crucial subpoenaed billing records to be found by a secretary in the White House Book Room. She had access and motive, namely hiding the truth about her Madison work. This would be Mrs. Clinton's second serious vulnerability on obstruction-of-justice charges (the other is her less-than-forthcoming answers to federal investigators on Travelgate). President Clinton famously promised to run the most ethical Administration ever, but he hasn't even been able to muster an ethical First Lady.

None of this as yet has had much political impact. The public seems quite comfortable with the twin notions of Bill Clinton as untrustworthy operator and as President of the United States. But there is an element of cognitive dissonance to this sentiment; and more damaging FBI revelations, indictments, or Whitewater convictions may begin to resolve it—in a way neither the Clintons, their lawyers, nor their hard-working henchmen will like.

Awaiting the Tightening

Bob Dole flew south again, but not
To sample she-crab soup.
His polls look peckish even though
He hollers, "Alley-oop!"
As linen that's un-Sanforized
Shrinks in the foggy dew,
Afflicting urgent lovers, God—
Make Dole's polls tighten, too.

—W. H. VON DREELE

What Do Women Want?

LIKE many a lovesick teenager, Bob Dole has been getting a lot of bad advice from his friends on how to attract women. They want him to "soften" his image, and Dole has been trying in his clumsy way to oblige with his recent maneuvers on abortion. Concern over the gender gap—and not, as widely reported, his desire to woo Colin Powell onto the ticket—has led him to ignore the issue of racial and sexual preferences and to downplay his endorsement of the California Civil Rights

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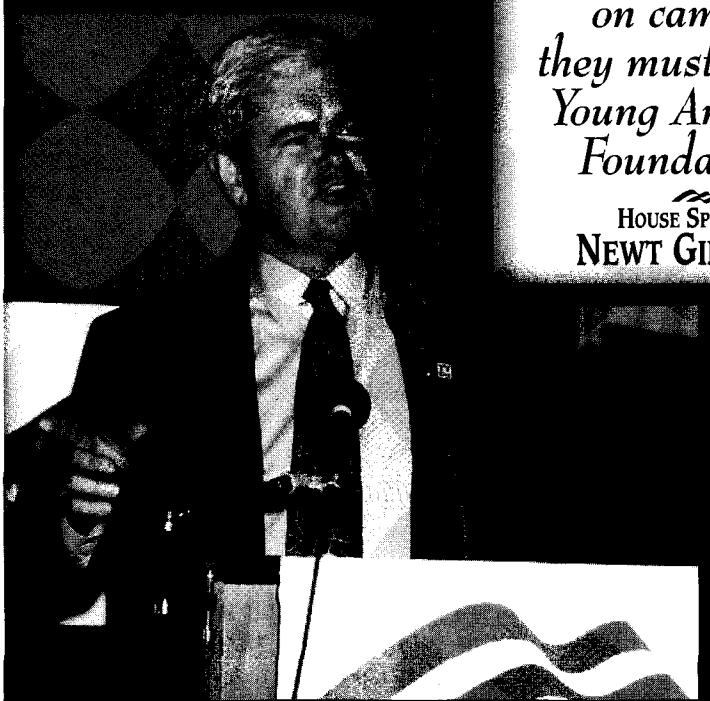

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Initiative, which would repeal them. And now some campaign officials are engaged in skirt-chasing: looking for a woman, any woman, to nominate for the Vice Presidency. Sophomore Rep. Jennifer Dunn (R., Wash.), Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison (R., Tex.), and former Labor Secretary Ann Dore McLaughlin have been discussed. In short, Dole's woman trouble is one of his chief distractions from focusing on a conservative campaign.

Women, except for black women, tend to vote for Republicans—but not as strongly as men. This famous "gender gap" has many causes. Maternal instincts misapplied to politics can easily lead to support for welfarism and unease with hardheaded judgments. More women have turned to the government's safety net as rising rates of divorce and nonmarriage have made men less reliable providers. Women dominate the "helping professions" that

Where Lincoln Walked . . .

THE most-asked question in Washington today is: Who appointed Craig Livingstone to the highly sensitive position of director of security in the Clinton White House?

A just-published blockbuster book, *Unlimited Access* (Regnery Publishing, Inc.), written by retired FBI Special Agent Gary Aldrich, provides the answer—and much more. Aldrich is a thirty-year veteran of the FBI who was one of only two special agents assigned to the White House to conduct background security investigations for the incoming Clinton White House staff. Early in the Clinton Administration he raised concerns about Livingstone's qualifications as head of security. Aldrich writes:

> . . . Craig [Livingstone] had no experience in security issues. His only qualifications were that he was a thirty-something friend of the Clintons and was built like an overweight bouncer. And his Washington career had opened with a bang. Federal employees were trying to find more than $150,000 worth of equipment lost or stolen from the inauguration—equipment that had been in the charge of Craig Livingstone. Further warning bells had gone off when Associate Counsel William Kennedy had asked me what the FBI thought of Craig's replacing Jane Dannenhauer (the former security director) and asked me in particular what the FBI would think if there were "character issues in his background." I responded gingerly, saying it was a post that should be filled with someone squeaky clean, before Kennedy cut me off: "I guess I see your point, but it doesn't matter. It's a done deal. Hillary wants him."

But Aldrich observed a more fundamental change between the departed Bush Administration, which he served for two years, and the new Clinton Administration. "The cultural changes in the political staff of the White House were stark and often depressing, for the FBI, the Secret Service, and the permanent staff." In fact, what Aldrich describes is a counterculture—past and recent use of hard drugs; the flouting of long-standing security requirements; and active distrust, bordering on paranoia, of anyone outside the Clinton "family," including the FBI.

For instance, Aldrich reveals that "character," always a critical factor in determining an applicant's suitability to serve in the White House, was no longer considered relevant by the Clintons. "No attempt was ever made to dismiss a staffer after he or she had been selected by Hillary or Bill Clinton, no matter what character problems one might find."

Aldrich tells of hundreds of staffers—including presidential press secretary Dee Dee Myers—roaming the White House for months without security clearances. Although Aldrich raised these concerns with senior White House officials—including then–Chief of Staff Mack McLarty and then–presidential counsel Bernard Nussbaum—as well as his FBI supervisors, nothing was done.

Aldrich even discloses that Clinton staffers "made no apology for their illegal drug use," which included "many 'heavy' drugs like cocaine, crack, LSD, and methamphetamine." He says, "Many were actually 'in your face' about it, using the FBI interview to try to debate me on the merits of making drugs legal. Of course, when I asked them how they obtained their drugs, the lies began."

We learn that "$27 million was spent on [a] new and improved phone system that offered each staffer a 'secret,' unpublished phone number, a number that even the FBI was not allowed to know." When Aldrich asked the Office of Administration for a copy of the "secret" phone list, Patsy Thomasson, the director, responded, "Screw the FBI! To hell with the FBI! They're not getting this list!"

Aldrich also adds new information about the Travel Office scandal. He reports that Craig Livingstone told him that, in fact, the White House knew of no illegal acts by Travel Office staff when it called in the FBI to investigate the matter. This revelation will no doubt get the attention of Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr; lying to the FBI is a felony.

Aldrich writes, "The point was to force the FBI into an investigation that *might* discover wrongdoing *that took place during the Reagan and Bush Administrations*." He reports that the hard drive in the late Vincent Foster's computer was damaged and destroyed. He describes how presidential aide (now unindicted co-conspirator) Bruce Lindsey helped his boss sneak past White House Secret Service guards for some late-night fun and entertainment. And he tells of Hillary Clinton's demand for the Vice President's West Wing Office and the ugly fight it caused between the First Lady and Al Gore. And more.

After reading Aldrich's book, it is not difficult to understand why the Clintons are consumed by scandal. It has little to do with their alleged political "enemies," unfair press, or "bureaucratic snafus"; everything to do with their disregard for the law and disrespect for the traditions of the Presidency. —MARK R. LEVIN

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Whom Do Liberal Catholics Serve?

Back in 1969 Daniel Callahan said some candid and revealing things about his career as a liberal Catholic writer (in *Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes*, R. Campbell, ed.): "I am writing this at a very nice desk, in a very nice house, and most of the money for these amenities has come from the unsought but profitable business of being known as a left-wing OK Catholic, one who can be counted on to knock the same things in the Church that most enlightened secular minds have always knocked." Callahan then recalled his conversation with "the editor of a major secular magazine" who wanted someone to write an article on a particular controversy in the Church. Callahan recommended a person who would defend the position of the Church. The editor retorted, "Oh no, we want a Catholic like *you*." And so, Callahan wrote it. But Callahan suspected he was "being had." He admitted that "OK Catholics" like him were providing a "theological blessing" for "secular liberalism." Being a genuinely honest man, Callahan eventually left the Church.

Today there are legions of "OK Catholics" out there winning respectability, fame, and fortune by knocking the Church on behalf of the high muckamucks of Political Correctness in the secular media and elsewhere. Incredibly, some of those quisling-Catholics are employed by Catholic institutions!

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a Catholic monthly magazine, knock the czars of Political Correctness, question the quislings, and stand up for the Church. We take our name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England, and like its most celebrated convert to Catholicism, John Henry Newman, we believe that if you belong to a church whose defining tenets you won't accept, you should consider leaving and finding a church with which you can agree.

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staff the therapeutic state. And finally, as Kate O'Beirne pointed out ("Bread and Circuses," June 17), women pay less attention than men to national affairs—a proclivity that leaves them more susceptible to media images of slash-and-burn Republicans.

Our frustrated candidate can't do much about these factors. But Dole isn't impressing women by following the feminist playbook. Most American women aren't abortion-rights activists, and they don't think of themselves as an interest group to be appeased by token appointments. They fear street crime, not their husbands. They are taxpayers, small-business owners, mothers.

Republicans should highlight conservative themes that resonate among women. Women care strongly about education. If Republicans ended their odd recent silence on the subject, they could show that Democrats defend an indefensible status quo. Welfare reform is another issue where women's concern for the young and poor can be mobilized against a failed system. Even single working women, a group relatively averse to Republicans, heavily support welfare reform. A policy that taxes them to provide non-working women with a comparable living standard is both an insult and an injury.

At the same time, Republicans need to stand firm against abortion and race and gender preferences, despite charges of insensitivity to women. Women are mildly more likely to be pro-life than men, and they are the majority of religious conservatives. Women oppose racial preferences; they generally do not think they have benefited from gender preferences; and they regret the impact of preferential policies on their husbands, brothers, and, above all, sons.

Meanwhile, the media might notice the other great sexual conundrum: Why can't Democrats appeal to men? It takes two genders to make a gap.

An Unindicted Co-Conspirator

Hiss the air slowly from larynx and lung.
Roll the words lovingly over the tongue.
Deep Throat is listening. Liddy and Dean
Plug in to Rush as the Mrs. turns green.
Memories, Lady Macbeth would affirm,
Spot a gal's derma and ruin a perm.
Don't miss an episode. Tune in tonight!
Starr will be turning the liberals white.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Ashes to Ashes

PRESIDENT Clinton went to the site of a burned-out black church in South Carolina to pray and attack "racial hostility . . . that involves trashing religious liberty." Ralph Reed met black church leaders to regret the historical indifference of white evangelicals to racial issues, and to offer help in rebuilding.

Have they been too quick to repent? Interviews with insurers, conducted by columnist James K. Glassman, suggest that the "rash" of black-church burnings is an optical illusion. Arsonists set 85,000 fires a year. The number of church arsons has actually gone down, from 1,420 in 1980 to 520 in 1994. A liberal organization that monitors hate groups calculates that 80 black or multiracial churches have been burned "since January 1990." That works out to about 14 black churches per year—comparable with figures for non-black-church arsons.

The *Washington Times* talked to state investigators, who reported little evidence of racial motivation. Georgia investigated eight church fires in the last year, seven of them in the buildings of white congregations; the fire at the black church was set by a black juvenile. Alabama looked at 38 church arsons, 15 of them in black churches, without finding "one piece of evidence to substantiate racism." South Carolina had 27 church fires, 15 of them at black churches, and arrested six blacks and six whites for the black-church fires. One of the white arsonists carried a Ku Klux Klan card in his wallet. People burn churches for a variety of sick motives: pyromania; personal grudges; the impulse to copycat. Race is only one possible factor and, it would seem, a rare one.

Mr. Clinton and Mr. Reed are no doubt sincere in their distress. But asking forgiveness for unreal sins is spiritually voluptuary. Asking forgiveness for the sins, real or imaginary, of others can be proud. It does help on election day, though, which is why pols do it. It would be sadly ironic if one effect of too-eager praying were to encourage the marginal copycat blaze.

Hold the Champagne

WHEN Boris Yeltsin squeaked through the first round of the Russian presidential election June 16 (edging the Communist Gennadi Zyuganov 35 per cent to 32 per cent), a sigh of relief rippled through Foggy Bottom. But the joy was premature. Between round one and the runoff it was inevitable that Yeltsin would move not in the direction of the reformers but rather toward the nationalist candidates (Aleksandr Lebed, Vladimir Zhirinovsky) who didn't make it to the second round. And so it was. Within days, former General Lebed had become Yeltsin's national security advisor and head of the Russian Security Council. Yeltsin is now expected to win the second round on July 3. The longer-term implications of his Faustian bargain with Lebed, however, are not reassuring.

Probably, the fix was in with Lebed even before the first round. Yeltsin's people reportedly poured money into Lebed's presidential campaign to ensure he came in third,

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as he did (with 15 per cent), ahead of reformer Grigory Yavlinsky. Part of Lebed's price was the ouster of Defense Minister Pavel Grachev and of three hardline Yeltsin aides, Aleksandr Korzhakov, Mikhail Barsukov, and Oleg Soskovets. Yeltsin will be more vulnerable personally with the departure of his Haldemans and Ehrlichmans, who propped him up when he went on his weeks-long drinking binges.

Lebed has allegedly been transformed, in a few short weeks, from a dangerous authoritarian nationalist to a progressive economic reformer. The modest truth in this is expressed in his own admiration for Pinochet as the man who saved Chile's economy at the modest cost of a few thousand deaths. We should distrust such transformations. Lebed is no friend of the West. He has strongly opposed Central Europe's membership in NATO (though recently tempering his rhetoric). His rise will reinforce the disturbing trend toward reintegrating the former Soviet Union and asserting Russian interests abroad that are contrary to ours (e.g., cozy relations with the likes of Iran and China).

Since the hot-headed Lebed is openly ambitious to be Yeltsin's strongman and successor, Yeltsin may someday have to put him in his place. But until he departs, Lebed's influence will be considerable. There's the rub.

The Week in Verse

In *Russia*, when the wolves pursue the sleigh,
The cunning peasant, who would be their prey,
To save himself must push the aged and sick
Into the snow, not feeling *Conscience'* prick.
So *Yeltsin*, skipping just beyond the jaws
Of fierce *Zyuganov*, to widespread applause,
Throws *Grachev*, *Soskovets*, and *Korzhakov*,
As well as the once-mighty *Barsukov*,
From off the back of his late light'ning sled
To feed the somewhat less lupine *Lebed*.

So *Clinton*, when his Filegate cover's blown,
Throws overboard the hapless *Livingstone*.
Likewise, now *Valujet's* no more a flyer,
The *FAA's Broderick's* forc'd to "retire."
Who's next? The wolves their *Alpo* seek from man
And watch to see who carry can the can.
For "unindicted" *Lindsey* things are tense,
Not least because he's got *Bill's* "confidence"—
As unindicted *Hillary* does too
(Though ev'n indicted she would not be through).
But Higher Powers with her 'tis said have dwelt
As she's had chats with *Mrs. Roosevelt*
And *Gandhi* too, although those two suffic'd:
She thought "too personal" a talk with *Christ*.
This, sure, she says not fearing contradiction
Hav'ng undergone a "female crucifixion"—
Or so says *Mrs. Houston*, whose technique
Put her in touch with spirits she would seek.

You find this strange? Not stranger than the break
She's giv'n by those who might think her a flake
But for the hints by Democrats of tricks
Played by the *GOP*: it's politics,
Just like *D'Amato's* Whitewater report,
Which not one *Democrat* deign'd to support.
Thus those who're less a party, more a clan,
Make sure they keep their *Conscience* partisan.

—Juvenal

In-and-Outlaws

JAIRO Arango Aradondo, a Colombian citizen, legally immigrated to this country in 1965. By 1990, his criminal record included 21 arrests, 8 convictions, and several extended periods in jail. Every one of his convictions made him "deportable" under our immigration laws. Theodore Wittenberg legally immigrated to the United States in 1955. He fathered two illegitimate children and was arrested for murder. He pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter and child endangerment—deportable crimes—and served four years in prison.

But as of 1994, both Arango and Wittenberg were still in this country, requesting and receiving further review of the orders of deportation against them.

If Arango and Wittenberg are like most criminal aliens, not only will our laws allow them to delay their deportations for several decades while they seek relief, but their deportation orders, when they are issued, *will actually be waived by the Immigration and Naturalization Service*. Section 212(c) of the Immigration and Nationality Act allows discretionary waivers in extraordinary cases involving "extenuating circumstances." At least since 1989, however, the INS has invoked this provision to waive deportation orders for more than 50 per cent of the criminal aliens who so requested. In 1995, the INS waived deportation orders against over two thousand criminal aliens—about 53 per cent of applicants. Outrages like this explain why there are almost half a million criminal aliens now residing in this country, deportable by law, but deported in fact at a rate of about 4 per cent a year.

The Terrorism Act, sponsored by Sen. Spencer Abraham (R., Mich.), which became law just a few months ago, changed all that. It eliminated almost all forms of relief—and the possibility of release—for aliens who murder, deal drugs, or commit crimes that land them in prison for one year or more. Immigration lawyers have gone berserk over these long-overdue reforms: they make big bucks every time they keep a criminal alien in this country. So their lobby is desperately trying to have these provisions removed from the law. Unfortunately, they may succeed, as the House and Senate meet to iron out differences in their immigration bills.

Here's hoping that Sen. Abraham prevails in keeping these badly needed reforms (and that he may come to see the issue of legal immigration with equivalent clarity).

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NOTES & ASIDES

HENRY REGNERY, R I P

THE obituaries acknowledge Henry Regnery as a pivotal figure in American publishing. His aim was to find fresh voices that would argue the continuing cogency of the old ideals, and to re-expose the giant figures of the recent past and of the longtime past to those curious to examine the canon of what we now call conservative thought. He once wrote me, early in 1970, that we had "inherited a great and noble tradition, and it is worth fighting for." He did, right up to his death at 84.

The son of a successful textile merchant, he had graduated from MIT and had done postgraduate work in Germany, and at Harvard. His curiosity was not satisfied, his concerns were ignored or insufficiently dealt with, and so in 1947 he founded his publishing house and accosted the contemporary world. He was interested in conservative journalism (he helped to found *Human Events*), but mostly he was concerned with book-length inquiries into the awful modernisms that were overwhelming the academies and, derivatively, the modern culture.

My first contact with him was by mail (Henry always preferred the letter). He "had heard" that I was writing a book on tendencies in higher education (agnostic as to religion, collectivist as to politics). He would like to see the manuscript; which, six months later, he published and survived, even though it left his firm a little out of breath when the University of Chicago, to declare its solidarity with the academic establishment, canceled a publishing program it had consummated with the firm of Henry Regnery, Chicago.

He was a man of formal habits, but his warmth and humor generated a conviviality that, in the experience of several of his authors, quite simply took over. I reminisced on this aspect of dealing with Henry Regnery, Inc., at a modest testimonial given to him many years ago. Publication by Regnery was a breath-catching experience, an entirely different scene from the bureaucratic book-publishing life elsewhere. When I traveled to Chicago to meet Mr. Regnery and discuss such matters as jacket design it was automatically assumed that I would stay at his big house in Hinsdale, where, over the course of several years, I, and later my wife and I, spent many evenings.

I pause to recall that there was a certain risk in those days in spending the night with the Regnerys. It was during the years of the Regnerys' martial Quakerism. Henry's beautiful wife, Eleanor, had been raised a Friend. Translated, that meant: No booze. This posed a quite awesome prospect for a young author only a few months away from Fraternity Row at Yale University. But a friendly Providence has a way of stringing out its little lifesavers in strategically opportune ways, and sure enough it transpired that across the street from Henry, in another big house, lived a most informal and exuberant gentleman, an artist named Kenneth, who had befriended Henry and, by the expansiveness of his temperament, any friend of Henry, known or unknown, ex officio. So that at approximately six o'clock in the afternoon, Kenneth would throw open his shutters and, at the top of his lungs, cry out, "If Henry has any guests staying with him, Thee-all can come over for a drink." That disposed of that problem.

Henry's artistic passion was for music (he was chairman of the Chicago Conservatory of Music), and with his five children he had something like a string quartet. He read omnivorously, translated important works from the German, founded the academic quarterly *Modern Age*, and published in it essays on Theodore Dreiser and Richard Strauss ("When I heard *Figaro* in Munich before the war," he wrote me, "it was conducted by Richard Strauss, and was performed in the small, beautiful baroque opera house where Mozart had once conducted") and other figures who caught his interest (Marcel Reich-Ranicki). He published an autobiography, *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher*, in 1979. And of course it was Henry Regnery who published Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, a seminal event in the evolution of contemporary conservative thought. In thirty years he published James Burnham, Freda Utley, Wilhelm Röpke, Roy Campbell, Wyndham Lewis, Whittaker Chambers, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and James Jackson Kilpatrick, among others.

THERE was travail in his life, professional and personal. In 1977, he briefly altered the character of his house. "Although I like to think a publisher will be judged by the quality of his books rather than by his financial success, he must operate at a profit to stay in business, and this I was never able to do, which is the reason my old firm is now known as Contemporary Books and publishes auto-repair manuals and sports books rather than Russell Kirk and Thomas Aquinas." And I remember the peak event. I was watching the television news in 1979. It reported the crash of an American Airlines jet, everyone on board dead. The report scrolled down a list of the victims and I saw "Henry Regnery." It was his younger son, an executive in his father's company, bound for Los Angeles for a book convention. In due course Henry Sr. turned his company over to his gifted son Alfred, who moved it to Washington in 1979.

Henry Regnery died after a very long coma. It seemed inconceivable that we would no longer receive those letters, informative, buoyant, always with a memory of days gone by. I dedicated my latest book (*The Blackford Oakes Reader*) to him and to Eleanor, and he wrote me, just before Christmas, "This marks the culmination of a friendship which began more than forty years ago. . . . I didn't want to burden you with a long letter, but I did wish to express our deep appreciation for the dedication and in so doing our appreciation for your friendship and all that it has meant over all these years to our family."

That friendship was granitic, based on personal experience, common purpose, and shared delights. We mourn his passing, even as we celebrate his life. **—WFB**

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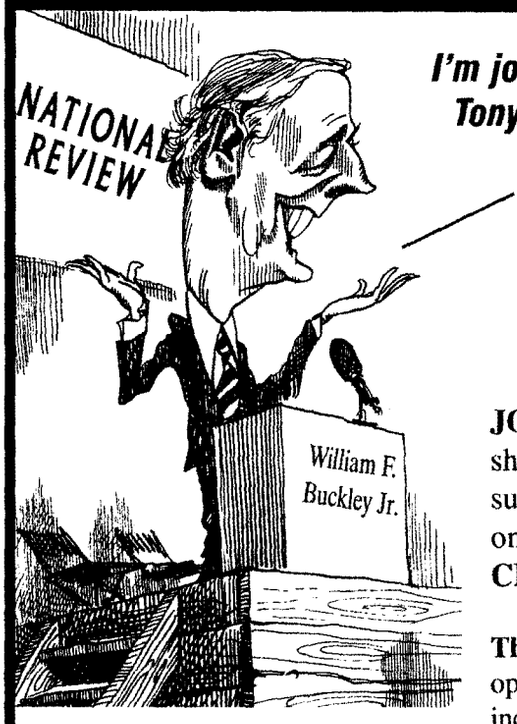
MR. BUCKLEY, YOUR TEAM JUST WON THE NOVEMBER SUPER BOWL. NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

LAST CHANCE!



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CAPITAL SCENE

Filegate Unshredded

RICH LOWRY

Roberto Parada

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FROM his perch high on the third tier of the House Government Reform and Oversight Committee's stacked hearing room, Rep. Tom Lantos (D., Calif.) is waving his arms and talking of a GOP effort to smear the Clintons. "Isn't it true [that] in conducting an FBI investigation of you," he asks a Republican witness whose FBI file has been obtained by the White House, "you initially granted your consent?" Therefore, Lantos reasons, "these were not files that were obtained without your consent." When the witness tries to reply—he never, obviously, consented to having a Democratic operative rifle through his FBI file—Lantos cuts him off, maintaining that he hadn't asked a question. Other Democrats pipe up on Lantos's behalf and he is able to continue uninterrupted. For committee Democrats, it is one of the highlights of the day.

Defending the latest, burgeoning Clinton scandal—hundreds of Republican FBI files in the hands of the White House security office—is becoming a barely sustainable exercise in bluff and sophistry for even the best of Clinton partisans. Consider Ann Lewis, one of the Administration's more adroit spinners. In a June 13 memo to "friends," she explained that the FBI-file scandal resulted from a "career civilian employee of the Army" (obfuscation #1) updating White House files with "a computer-generated list from the Secret Service" (#2) that, "we have since learned, included previous Reagan and Bush appointees as well as current employees" (#3). Moreover, Mrs. Lewis suggests, the White House never tried to keep secret the fact that it had the files (#4), and it was Rep. Bill Clinger (R., Pa.) who created the illusion that it had by "demand[ing] a formal assertion of executive privilege that would cover all [Travelgate] documents" (#5).

Just a week later, it had become clear that the Army employee, Tony Marceca, was also a career Democratic hack, who, in league with his supervisor, Craig Livingstone, had a history of ham-handed political skulduggery. The Secret Service explained, meanwhile, that it would have been impossible for it to produce the list of 407 Republican names then in question. A White House spokesman even denied that the Administration had ever invoked the idea of an outdated Secret Service list: "We have never claimed to know where the list came from" (sorry, Mrs. Lewis). The White House, in its negotiations with Mr. Clinger over releasing documents, had never said anything about having confidential FBI files. And the scandal came to light only when, on the day a House vote to hold it in contempt of Congress was scheduled, the White House grudgingly released a thousand pages of Travelgate documents while withholding two thousand more.

The White House handling of the FBI-files controversy is the latest indication that President Clinton's casual mendacity has seeped into the bloodstream of his Administration, defining both its tone and its modus operandi. The fate of any Clinton partisan is to become (witness Ann Lewis) a disseminator of half-truths and evasions, as the latest explanation for the latest foul-up is hauled out for the latest news cycle. In the files scandal, the Clinton cover story was discredited so quickly that the media have been less protective than usual, while congressional Republicans have managed to press their advantage nicely. The controversy promises, if not to bring down the Administration, at least to illustrate its ethical deficiencies dramatically enough that they may finally begin to exact a political price.

At first, Filegate got yawns from the press. On Thursday, June 6, after it was revealed that the White House had obtained the file of former Travel Office head Billy Dale, only the *Washington Times* led with the story on its front page. The story appeared in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* on pages 4 and 24 respectively. The next day the *Washington Times* followed up with another front-page story, while Filegate disappeared from the *Post* and the *New York Times* entirely. The scandal wouldn't hit the front page of the *New York Times* for another four days. The TV coverage had a similar lag. According to the Media Research Center, after all the networks (except ABC) covered the initial Dale-file revelation on June 5 they didn't run another story until Saturday, June 8, when Bob Dole attacked Bill Clinton over the issue. Only NBC News ran a story on June 7 when the White House revealed that it had the FBI files of more than three hundred Republicans.

Defending the latest Clinton scandal is becoming a barely sustainable exercise in bluff and sophistry

In the second full week of Filegate, the coverage picked up. On the *Charlie Rose Show* June 18, *Meet the Press* host Tim Russert explained that "the press feels that they had been manipulated on this whole character, corruption, White-

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

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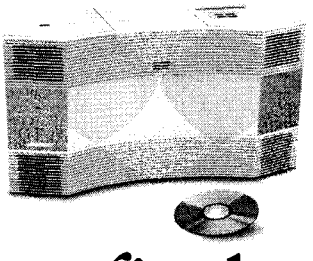
water issue." Understandably. On Filegate, the White House at first retailed Marceca's story that he was given an outdated list in August 1993 by departing 24-year security-office employee Nancy Gemmell, who explained the office procedures to him. Livingstone's lawyer talked to her briefly on the phone when the scandal broke and suggested to the press that she would support the White House account. But Nancy Gemmell, a small, soft-spoken, entirely credible woman, testified before Rep. Clinger's committee that she never gave Marceca a list and didn't even know who would be taking over her duties. Instead, she left in a vault a list of active White House passholders that could not possibly have contained the Republican names requested by Marceca.

The Secret Service does produce a running list of names of White House passholders over the last eight years, but not only are the names on this list marked "active" or "inactive," it is roughly 24,000 names long. If the first 400-some names on the list had been taken, they would probably have been confined to the A's, rather than running from A through G, as Marceca's batch of Republicans does. Nor would working from this list explain discrepancies like the fact that James Cicconi appears on Marceca's list, while Andy Card, who had the same title and joined and left the White House at roughly the same time, does not. After two weeks of shifting White House explanations, Marceca's successor, Lisa Wetzl, is now telling the press that, actually, the outdated list left by Nancy Gimmell has been destroyed (too bad—the best piece of exculpatory evidence somehow missing).

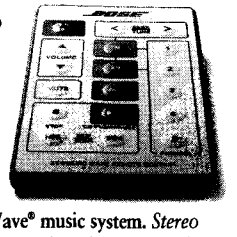
If, as seems clear, the list of GOP names didn't originate from the Secret Service, the first question is, Who compiled it, and for what reason? The next is, Who hired Livingstone, and were his superiors aware of what was going on in his office? Press reports have already established that Livingstone and Marceca are hardly above a scheme to spy on Republicans. Former Bush Administration counsel C. Boyden Gray testified before Clinger's committee that he got a queasy feeling every time he had to look at an FBI file, so sensitive is the information collected there. Livingstone's sensibilities were apparently rather different; according to a complaint filed with the Montgomery County police by a neighbor in 1993, the security maven threatened to "beat in" her face if she didn't keep her dog from barking. Livingstone fits perfectly the profile of a Clinton affirmative-action hire in the tradition of Webb Hubbell—preference given to the ruthlessly political and ethically challenged, regardless of qualification.

WHO brought Livingstone on board is yet to be resolved, although speculation has ranged from former White House associate counsel William Kennedy to the late Vince Foster. Some Hill Republicans float the notion that he may have been hired at the insistence of Hillary Clinton. Mrs. Clinton was responsible for most of the staffing in the White House Counsel's office—of which the security office is a part—and, considering her interest in all staffing decisions, would have paid particular attention to the person hired to vet White House employees. Livingstone would presumably have come to the attention of close Clinton friend Harry Thomason when he did security work for the Clinton inaugural, and his (according to one eyewitness) role in spiriting material from Foster's office in the aftermath of his suicide suggests he had the trust of his superiors. According to former FBI agent Gary Aldrich, it was at the behest of Mrs. Clinton that Livingstone and Co. embarked on their other rogue security project, unjustified investigations of permanent White House employees (for more on Aldrich see "The Week," page 12).

If Filegate goes as high as the First Lady, the political damage is likely to be uncontainable. All that is clear for now is that it would be foolish to underestimate Livingstone and Marceca's capacity for either incompetence or malice. Indeed, the White House's extraordinary hesitancy about firing Livingstone is probably an indication of their fear of him; not only is he a loose cannon, but he has seen everyone's files and reportedly boasted about it. As *NR* goes to press, Clinger's committee—the best-staffed investigative committee on the Hill—is set to hear testimony from Livingstone and Marceca. Even if there is no smoking gun, continuing revelations like the latest report that Marceca also gathered the files of three hundred current and former National Security staffers promise to keep the story alive. And Ann Lewis's job from getting any easier. □



Small as it is, we managed to find room for improvement.



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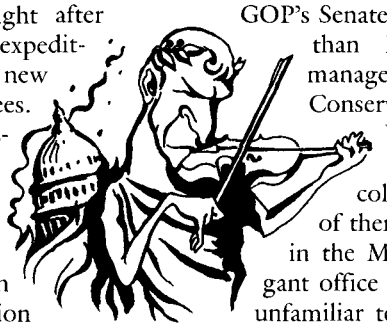
BREAD & CIRCUSES

ON his last day as Senate Majority Leader, Bob Dole wanted to clear the floor calendar so that things would be nice and tidy before he bade farewell. Among other things, he wanted the Senate to confirm President Clinton's pending judicial nominees. But Sen. Larry Craig (R., Idaho) objected: it would be absurd for candidate Dole to be campaigning against Clinton judges right after Majority Leader Dole had expedited the approval of 17 new Clinton judicial nominees. Dole's floor manager, Elizabeth Greene, was surprised in turn. She hadn't realized that the nominations were controversial. Still, Craig succeeded in derailing the confirmation votes.



This incident illustrates how Dole's leadership office operated. In the words of one veteran Senate staffer: "They kept the trains running on time without much regard to where the trains were going." With the election of Trent Lott as Majority Leader, conservatives believe the Senate is now in the hands of someone with an unerring sense of direction.

"It's a whole new world," declares Malcolm Wallop, who left the Senate in 1993 and whom many credit with preparing the way for its new conservative leadership. As chairman of the Steering Committee for his last six years in Congress, Wallop worked with like-minded senators to shape the legislative agenda and plot floor strategy.

They also plotted a Senate succession in the event of a Dole run for the Presidency. They began when the Republicans won control of the Senate in 1994. Steering Committee members encouraged Lott to challenge Alan Simpson, the incumbent Republican Whip, whom Dole privately favored. When Lott became Whip for the new Republican Majority by a one-vote margin, it was a sign that the revolution that had already changed the House GOP leadership was now afoot in the Senate.

Wallop explains that Lott enjoyed their support because "Trent is both an able pragmatist and an able ideologue." And an able communicator. "It won't be as easy now for the Democrats to categorize the struggle because Trent knows how to frame issues," Wallop says happily. Ironically enough, he expects candidate Dole to benefit from the fact that Lott will articulate the GOP's Senate agenda more clearly than Dole himself ever managed to do.

Conservatives remaining in Washington have come in from the cold. Lott had a group of them in for a discussion in the Majority Leader's elegant office suite. This suite was unfamiliar territory for many of them, but Lott greeted them as old friends and allies whom he plans to rely on for advice and support.

A senior staffer explains that Dole would wait for his colleagues to form a consensus, which he would then join. "He'd side with whoever was left standing after the fight." By contrast, Lott will stick to conservative principles: "He'll go through the fight with us and even take some hits." In his appetite for budget cuts, he is much closer to John Kasich than to Pete Domenici. He also recognizes the importance to Republican candidates of getting votes on key issues such as right to work.

In his farewell address, Dole tellingly lamented some senators' insistence on having things entirely their own way. "Ninety per cent isn't bad; you get the other 10 per cent later." But a frequent source of frustration for both Dole and his conservative colleagues arose from the fact that what he defined as 90 per cent success they often saw as 30 per cent at best.

One Senate aide says that his boss had been unable to work closely with the old leadership: "We were always afraid of being betrayed to the Democrats because the Dole staff coordinated so closely with them." With Lott as Leader, and Don Nickles as his deputy, "there are finally leaders and staff that conservatives can trust." Lott appreciates that he can't always win, but he won't concede defeat until he's forced to, and his allies will trust that he has done everything in his power to prevail.

That trust is bicameral. Lott spent eight terms in the House closely allied with Newt Gingrich, Dick Armey, and other aggressive young members of the Conservative Opportunity Society. He has instituted a weekly meeting of Senate and House leaders which Haley Barbour, who had been excluded by Dole last year, has been invited to rejoin. Weekly leadership staff meetings will constitute a reunion of old friends.

And the most important Senate aides are now as conservative as their House counterparts. Exit, stage left, Sheila Burke. Enter, stage right, Dave Hoppe. Hoppe joined Trent Lott in the House almost twenty years ago and is now his chief of staff, having served in the interim as chief of staff to Rep. Jack Kemp and Sen. Dan Coats. Don Nickles's chief of staff is Doug Badger, who worked for then-Sen. Bill Armstrong. And Jade West, executive director of the Steering Committee for Malcolm Wallop, is running the Policy Committee on behalf of its new chairman, Larry Craig.

"Dole's staff used to call the Steering Committee and their allies the 'full mooners,' and now our bosses are running the place," says one Senate aide with a laugh. And this perception is widely shared in Washington. With Lott, Nickles, and Craig in the top Senate leadership posts, Paul Weyrich of the Free Congress Foundation believes that "You would have to go back to the Republican Majority Leader under Eisenhower to have as conservative a leadership as we now have."

SOME observers remind triumphant conservatives that despite Lott's commitment to principle and formidable legislative skills, the ability of a determined minority to tie the Senate in knots remains. "Contract with America items won't sail through the Senate just because Lott is now Leader," warns an aide. But Senate conservatives aren't counting on smooth sailing. They'll settle for a new Leader who will "spend more energy on beating Democrats than on disfranchising conservatives with whom he disagrees."

It's a safe bet Clinton won't be getting his new judges any time soon.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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ON THE SCENE

Irish Revolutionary Violence

KEVIN MYERS

Roberto Parada

DUBLIN

IRELAND once again stands at the threshold of war, and it took the collective genius of the governments of the United States, Britain, and the Republic of Ireland and a credulous, absurdly optimistic media to help put it there. The peace process, cosseted by so many, questioned by so few, and supposedly designed to end Ireland's quarter-century of war, was merely a ploy, an interim tactic by the IRA, now finished. More than peace is dead. So too is trust.

Without trust, all talks are worthless: the undertaking of an evening could be as insubstantial by morning as the tobacco smoke of the room it was given in. Two years ago, the IRA gave its word to everybody—to the Irish government, to the British, and finally, to the American: The war is over. President Clinton was photographed shaking hands with the Sinn Fein leader, Gerry Adams; and at that very moment, back in Ireland, the IRA was assembling the bomb which was to destroy the vast Canary Wharf complex in London's docklands, killing two men working there and doing $150 million worth of damage.

The war is over. These words bamboozled so many people, most notably the American ambassador, Jean Kennedy Smith. She was not the first nor the last, for she has the desire of most decent people to see a reasonable end to a tragic war. That very desire is among the most powerful weapons the IRA possesses.

The IRA's leaders are past masters at deploying the institutions of the state and the law and the softer emotions of their audience and enemy as war weapons. Understand this clearly: the IRA and its political wing, Sinn Fein, are fighting a total war. Everything within a society is to be bent toward achieving their goals: Brits out of Northern Ireland and a single Irish state, *regardless of the wishes of the people of Ireland.*

It is both a criminal and an impracticable ambition: a state of 3.5 million people cannot forcibly absorb over a million violently hostile citizens whose very definition of themselves is that they are people who are *not* governed by the rest of the people of Ireland. Sinn Fein, campaigning in recent elections on a peace ticket—God help us—secured the votes of perhaps 10 per cent of the total electorate, including the stay-at-homes. Such a minority cannot assert its will over a majority.

But is it typical of Sinn Fein–IRA to think otherwise. They combine technical brilliance with an abysmal understanding of human nature. They are in a way *idiots savants*, phenomenally gifted cretins who are more single-minded than their enemies (other than their loyalist counterparts: equally singular, equally vile).

Gerry Adams exemplifies this tunnel vision. He is represented in the U.S. as a peacemaker. He is not. He wants to win his war, preferably by peaceful means. But his bottom-line political demand is for a British withdrawal from Ireland—i.e., victory.

This has been a long haul for Gerry Adams. He joined the IRA in the mid 1960s when it had dwindled to a tiny band of zealots in Belfast crooning over a cooling hearth. His father had been in the IRA since the 1940s and was a friend of Tom Williams and Joe Cahill, who were in an IRA unit that shot dead a Catholic policeman in West Belfast in 1942.

Five men, including Cahill, were sentenced to death for this killing. The U.S. ambassador to Dublin urged moderation, and Cahill and three others were reprieved. It was not the last time Cahill would benefit from American diplomatic pressure. Last year, as part of the peace process, Ambassador Smith secured him an entry visa to the U.S., where he became perhaps the first convicted cop-killer feted by American cops.

HIS friend Tom Williams, just 19, was executed. Loyalists exulted, Republicans mourned. It was a hideous business. Curiously enough, Williams's brother was a volunteer in the Royal Air Force at the time, and a young Catholic neighbor, serving with the Royal Navy, was the only Northern Ireland man to win the Victoria Cross in the Second World War.

I bring this up to illustrate the fact that Northern Ireland's Catholics are not a single community with a single set of values. There are diverse strands running through it, of which the most obvious and noisiest, combining aggression and self-pity, is Sinn Fein–IRA, whose balladeers sing of Tom Williams to this day; but not, needless to say, of poor dead Constable Murphy.

Adams Senior and Joe Cahill clung to their "Republicanism" as Northern Ireland prospered in the 1960s. Most Catholics felt no enthusiasm for the Protestant-dominated state they lived in, but were prepared to tolerate it if they got a fair deal. A handful of IRA men, regarded as odd, hermit-like creatures, continued to worship the tradition of the gun, which came into its own when a civil-rights campaign collapsed in violence.

The gun was and is the core of the IRA, almost what the Eucharist is to the Catholic. The arms dump evokes not just a military reverence, but a continuity. Two centuries ago, it was the pike in the thatch which was the totem around which would-be insurgents gathered;

Mr. Myers is a columnist for the Irish Times.

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today it is the Kalashnikov, given by the IRA's good friend Colonel Qaddafi.

For Irish "Republicanism" is not republican in any platonic sense, and, in its enthusiasm for socialism and statism, absolutely not in the American sense. It claims ancestry from the Irish enthusiasts—mostly Protestant—for the French Revolution two centuries ago, from which it takes the word "republican"; but the real inspiration of present Irish Republicanism emerged during the 1916 Easter Rising in Dublin. Its leader, Patrick Pearse, and the Sinn Fein founder, Arthur Griffiths, both hoped a German prince could be persuaded to rule an independent Ireland.

Irish Republicanism is separatist, conspiratorial, authoritarian, violent, deeply Catholic, self-pitying, anti-democratic. It has no understanding of the concept of civil liberties. However, it has fantastic cultural energy and humor. Some of the finest Irish writers of this century—Sean O Faolain, Frank O'Connor, Liam O'Flaherty—were for a while members of the IRA.

This outer creativity, this ability to charm and to beguile with intelligence and wit and rollicking balladry, suggests to outsiders that Sinn Fein is progressive and enlightened. It is not. True, the politics of Sinn Fein today are more right-on, AIDS-chairperson-sensitive than in previous generations. But that is the window dressing to an ancient conspiracy which seeks the destruction of the Northern Ireland state.

Gerry Adams revived Sinn Fein for that purpose. Sinn Fein and the IRA are Siamese twins, sharing the same blood and heart and internal organs; they have two heads, but those heads think virtually the same thing at the same time. They are indivisibly one, made possible by the political obstetrician, Gerry Adams.

Gerry Adams is not running the IRA these days. Others do it now full time, while full time he appears in public, sympathetic and distraught, distributing condolences to those most recently made legless or orphaned or blinded. He has made this war his own, drawing on the full range of weaponry which the modern liberal state offers to those who oppose it—law, trial, liberties, a free press, and even supermarkets where a skilled bomb-maker can buy all he needs to destroy a city.

Adams remains forceful and impressive, intimidating interviewers and dodging questions in a way no ordinary politician could get away with. Sinn Fein–IRA play the victimhood card so often and well that it is impossible to say how much they actually believe it themselves. West Belfast and Derry have been the recipients of the biggest central-government-funded housing projects in the history of the United Kingdom. The British government has studded Belfast with leisure centers and Olympic swimming pools. Yet Sinn Fein leaders tearfully say that West Belfast is the Soweto of Northern Ireland.

How can they keep a straight face uttering such garbage? Because they are astoundingly single-minded in their ambition: Brits out and a united Ireland, regardless of who wants it. Everything—human lives in whatever number, the prosperity of the Irish people, and certainly mere abstracts like the truth—can be sacrificed for that central goal.

Sinn Fein–IRA play the victimhood card so well that it is impossible to say how much they actually believe it

Gerry Adams realized a decade ago that Sinn Fein–IRA had not got the political clout to deliver on the violence it could inflict. Lots of big bangs, loads of dead bodies, but then what? He needed to mobilize the broader family of Irish nationalism, which detests violence, but without that community fully realizing it was being used.

He succeeded brilliantly in this political parasitism, firstly by talks with John Hume, the leader of the constitutional nationalists of Northern Ireland, the SDLP, and an uncompromising opponent of violence. He convinced Hume that he was sick of war, which he probably was—25 years of butchery is a long time. But he had not abandoned his goal—a united Ireland, somehow to be talked into existence.

It cannot be talked into existence, any more than the Space Shuttle can be talked into orbit. A British withdrawal against the wishes of the people of Northern Ireland would not mean a united Ireland. It would mean Bosnia. But enough people were gathered on this roller-coaster of well-intentioned flannel called the Peace Process. The gunmen stood back, and waited for Northern Ireland to be delivered to them.

But this was impossible. The majority of the people in the province remain totally committed to the union. IRA delegations met Irish and British government ministers, but not the unionists. The only item on the agenda could be what the unionists would never discuss—the union with Great Britain. Intransigent? Maybe. But precisely what do you say to somebody who wishes to abolish the state and identity you cherish? What cozy words does the state governor in Austin utter over coffee to temporarily quiescent terrorists demanding the return of Texas to Mexico? "Get out," perhaps?

While the ceasefire lasted, Gerry the peacemaker had to get what Gerry the IRA leader had failed to get—Brits out. He played the diplomatic card, and brilliantly. The U.S. was drawn into the process. President Clinton's aversion to Prime Minister Major no doubt gave American involvement an extra impetus: here was the U.S. sorting out tired old Britain's problems, again. Ambassador Smith had taken an unusually vigorous interest in Irish affairs. She and her brother, Senator Ted Kennedy, convinced the Administration—against the strenuous advice of the State Department, which placed primacy on Anglo-American relations—that since Sinn Fein–IRA wanted permanent peace, it would be worth antagonizing the British government with a brief involvement in internal UK affairs.

But once engagement in Northern Ireland begins, it is rather like a shirt-tail being caught by agricultural machinery. So other members of the Administration were sucked in—Nancy Soderberg, Anthony Lake, George Stephanopoulos. Miss Soderberg cheerfully described American engagement as a win–win situation for the Administration.

Little did she know. Win–win is the key in Northern Ireland. Everybody wants win–win. Sinn Fein–IRA, for example, did want peace. They also wanted victory. Win–win. They genuinely believed that the U.S. could pressure the British to get out, leaving in their wake, miraculously, a united Ireland, *presto*. This is the fantasy which results from too much dope (though you have to inhale an awful lot, Mr. President). Far less dopy was the involvement of Senator George Mitchell, who chaired an in-

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ternational commission on disarmament in Northern Ireland, and made it all seem miraculously possible, though it is not. It all culminated in the Clinton–Adams photograph just as Adams's colleagues were preparing to bomb the bejesus out of the U.S.'s closest military ally in Europe, with, no doubt, old hands in the State Department murmuring, "I told you so."

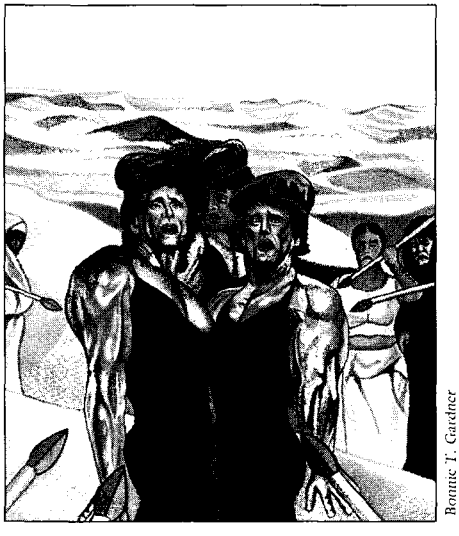
The bomb exploded before all-party talks, scheduled for the end of February, could begin. After that, complete all-party talks have proved impossible to arrange. With bizarre logic, Sinn Fein–IRA have presented themselves to their own constituency as victims of the exclusion their bombs achieved. For what little trust Sinn Fein might have engendered during the Peace Process—and frankly it was very little indeed among the Protestant community—is now completely gone. The most recent IRA bomb in Manchester was not pre-conversational terrorist skirmishing. It devastated the heart of England's third city and injured over two hundred people. Only by the greatest good fortune was nobody killed. It occurred at the height of the European soccer championship in England, and was clearly a strategic assault on the British tourism industry, Britain's biggest source of foreign money. Such deeds by one state to another would be *casus belli*. In fact the first tourist industry to be damaged was Ireland's—the Irish Tourist Board reported a 15 per cent drop in British enquiries about Irish vacations, though this would not influence IRA deeds. The wealth and welfare of the Irish people count for nothing in the perverse Sinn Fein–IRA view of the world.

THERE is talk of another IRA ceasefire. Sinn Fein–IRA are adept at playing on hope, and the Irish media have been especially credulous. They have been drip-fed stories about the "peace faction" in Sinn Fein–IRA, when there is no peace faction: there is only the victory faction, united and indivisible and determined to bring an end to the Northern Ireland state. Meanwhile poor George Mitchell has found himself appointed to be the chairman of all-party talks in Belfast, which to date have been neither all-party nor talks. And talk of an imminent ceasefire has, as intended, paralyzed political will in Dublin, where the government is reluctant to get tough on the IRA lest it wreck the dovelike ambitions of the "peace faction." Sinn Fein–IRA constitutes the cleverest, most single-minded, most ruthless terrorist-guerrilla organization in the world, and they have a political leader to match.

But those qualities are not enough to achieve victory. The political culture of Northern Ireland consists of the dogged renewal of ancient disputes in fresh guises. Win–win is impossible, as George Mitchell is discovering. □

Radical Rout

MARY MEANEY



Bonnie T. Gardner

ISTANBUL

THE last major UN conference of the century—the Second World Conference on Habitat—concluded with a stunning defeat for radical feminists. Despite intense bullying, arm-twisting, and outright blackmail, the developing countries refused to bow before Western pressure for "reproductive health" and ambiguously defined "families." Instead, representatives of the Group of 77 (G-77) mustered the votes to:

—reaffirm the importance of parental rights;

—guarantee respect for member states' religious and ethical values;

—recognize the family as the basic unit of society (rather than, as the Canadian delegation advocated, "families" as the basic "units" of society, a formulation intended to confer equal status on homosexual "families");

—delete all references to "reproductive health" except one which was couched in language such that it could not be used to force abortion on the developing world.

Miss Meaney is completing a doctorate at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship.

Many observers were left wondering how such a document could have emerged from a UN conference less than a year after the Fourth World Conference on Women in Peking. At that conference, the radical feminist lobby had marginalized parents, ignored the family, and denigrated cultural and religious values. The Secretary General of the Habitat II conference, Wally N'Dow of the Gambia, pledged on his personal honor to maintain the Peking language: "I have a responsibility . . . to ensure that there is no rollback on the achievements of any of the conferences," he said.

Moreover, the Istanbul conference marked a watershed in the role of NGOs (non-governmental organizations) in the negotiation of UN documents. For the first time, NGOs were allowed to participate in working-group meetings. The U.S. delegation and the Women's Caucus proposed that NGOs should also have the right to speak in the informal drafting sessions, a strategy widely perceived as designed to drown out the voices of small developing countries. As one Pakistani delegate warned, this increase of NGO influence at the expense of national delegations signals "the privatization of diplomacy."

With the deck thus stacked, many countries, such as Guatemala and Malta, sent tiny delegations able to cover only a few of the many sensitive working groups. Several other G-77 countries—such as Honduras, Venezuela, and El Salvador—decided not to attend at all. Those developing nations that did send delegates opted for urban planners and engineers, not the team of professional negotiators sent by the U.S., Western Europe, and Canada. All too many of these G-77 delegates were poorly versed in the hidden meaning of modern UN terminology. Indeed, some were entirely unfamiliar with the *language* of the United Nations, which for conferences such as this is English; but the organiz-

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ers announced that the UN would provide only extremely limited translation services during certain working-group meetings (and none at all in the sensitive informal negotiating sessions where controversial questions are almost invariably decided). As one French-speaking African delegate said, "Our voices simply are not heard."

How, then, did the Istanbul miracle occur?

First, the flagrant abuses at the Peking conference created a sharp backlash. In Peking, many of the chairmen of working groups had systematically substituted their own radical agenda for the will of government delegations. They allowed certain delegations the opportunity to speak while completely ignoring others. In one working group, the chairman pleaded, "Canada, did you have your hand up?" while failing to recognize the Guatemalan, Holy See, and Slovakian delegates who *did* have their signs up. Eventually, the Slovakian delegate called out, "Why don't you recognize Slovakia? I am in a red dress, I am eight months pregnant, and I have been standing here waving my sign for half an hour. You cannot pretend not to have seen me." The chairman still refused to recognize her and declared that consensus had been reached despite cries of "There is no consensus. We do *not* agree."

Remembering this record of abuse, developing-country delegates at Istanbul demanded procedural fairness. They insisted that chairmen of working groups be impartial and follow due process. When, early in the working-group meetings, a chairman asked for a show of hands on a controversial question and blatantly miscounted, several delegations complained immediately. After the incident, the chairman's counting ability improved markedly.

A second factor in the Istanbul success was the backfiring of the radicals' NGO strategy. When the Women's Caucus successfully pushed to gain more influence for non-governmental organizations, it was thinking of NGOs such as itself and Zero Population Growth. However, it thus opened the door to pro-family lobbyists who, for the first time, had prolonged access to national delegates. This enabled them to help call into line delegations clearly at variance with the governments that sent them. For example, the Australian delegation initially supported Canada in its efforts to exclude parental rights from the document, but when pro-family NGOs publicized the activities of the Australian delegation, it performed a back-breaking 180-degree somersault.

Furthermore, the pro-life NGOs were able to explain to G-77 representatives the hidden agenda behind code words like "reproductive health." Although pro-abortion delegations systematically failed to define the term, a World Health Organization (WHO) definition prepared for the 1994 Cairo conference dispelled any ambiguity. According to the WHO, "reproductive health" means men and women having access to "methods of fertility regulation of their choice." Since "fertility regulation" includes "interrupting unwanted pregnancies," "reproductive health" translates into abortion on demand.

When announcing the compromise package, U.S. negotiator Melinda Kimble shook with rage

The education efforts by pro-family NGOs was rewarded during the last days of the conference when resistance coalesced around the issue of mandating "reproductive health" services. Many delegations, such as Saudi Arabia's, told pro-family lobbyists that at the start of the conference they did not understand what was meant by "reproductive health." They had read the document in Arabic, and "in Arabic, there was nothing anyone could object to. In English, it is another matter," said Abdulaziz Al Khedheiri. "I would be ashamed to have my name attached to such a document. How could I face my grandchildren?"

The last days of negotiations were deliberately frenzied. The U.S., EU, and Canada had adopted a calculated delaying tactic. Indeed, at one press conference, Melinda Kimble, chief U.S. negotiator, openly threatened a marathon session—a strategy employed at such conferences by the large, Western delegations to exhaust delegates from smaller countries. Wednesday night's negotiations ended in gridlock at 2:00 A.M. Thursday's negotiations lasted until 7:00 the following morning, only to reconvene at 11:00 A.M. Friday's negotiations likewise dragged well into the night, requiring the chairman of the working group to announce that the UN clock would be "frozen" shortly before midnight so that the committee would finish "on time."

Saudi Arabia met the West's grueling endurance test, staying up all night to resist Western bullying. As Friday's session dragged on, the entire Saudi Arabian delegation rescheduled their flights to ensure they would miss none of the negotiations. Delegates from Qatar, Argentina, the United Arab Emirates, Guatemala, Malta, Sudan, Iran, Yemen, and the Holy See took similarly strong positions.

In addition to the delay-and-conquer strategy, the U.S., EU, and Canada resorted to implied and sometimes overt threats to cut off aid to uncooperative nations. According to Gwen Landolt, chairman of the Caucus for Stable Communities, one Tanzanian delegate complained, "If I don't conform, my people will suffer."

During the round-the-clock negotiations Thursday night, the reproductive-health lobby dragged Wally N'Dow out of bed in an attempt at emotional blackmail. "You are destroying my conference," he told G-77 representatives. "You cannot do this to me."

The G-77 representatives, however, formed a circle in the middle of the meeting room in the early hours of Friday morning, talking and smoking. The message was clear: G-77 had no intention of backing down.

And pro-family lobbyists were giving them constant encouragement. "You don't need this piece of paper," said one lobbyist from Texas. "The U.S. delegation, on the other hand, desperately needs this document. The Republicans are furious that the U.S. is spending millions of dollars on these conferences. Can you imagine their reaction if Clinton's delegation returns home empty-handed?"

In the end, G-77 did not flinch. At the end of the all-night negotiations, a "package" was tentatively agreed to in which, as stated above, the West's efforts to undermine religious values were rejected. The "reproductive health" clause was rendered innocuous, and the reference linking education and health (an open door to school-based clinics) was deleted entirely.

When announcing this compromise package at 7:00 A.M. Friday, Melinda Kimble shook with rage. But, as Al Khedheiri explained, "There are some things that cannot be negotiated." □

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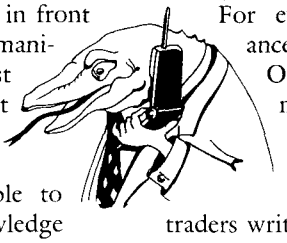
GEKKO

I DIDN'T think I'd be vindicated quite so soon on my call on the copper market, but there you are. Once again, we see how people can ignore what's going on right in front of them. Sumitomo's market manipulation, which Gekko first began to report in July of last year, was known to the major players in the market. Yet they were somehow able to compartmentalize the knowledge and act as if this were a normal market.



Instead, as we now see, it was one where the biggest player was willing to accumulate $2 billion–plus in losses to paint the tape. The story isn't over, however. Sumitomo supposedly is long as much as 2 million tons of copper, which is about 20 per cent of a year's world production.

Interestingly, it isn't the major copper-mining companies who will take the first hit on the old income statement. Over the past couple of years, they knew that with copper trading far above its cost of production and true equilibrium value, they had better lock in their excess profits while there were still dealers and banks prepared to believe in the Easter Bunny.

So the copper companies went to the major copper-trading houses and a number of the major international banks and contracted to lock in a minimum price on their production over a couple of years. The dealers sold them puts, which gave the copper companies the right to sell their production at a certain minimum price if the unthinkable should happen and the price of copper were to fall to 90 cents or below. Which it has done.

Now the trading houses and banks, being incredibly smart people, knew that they were assuming some risk here. But they also figured that they could reduce that risk to a calculated minimum through "dynamic hedging," or selling on the way down. Their models, based on historical data, showed that that would be no problem.

What those models ignored was what happened in other markets where everyone decided to do his dynamic hedging, or selling, all at the same time. They crashed as liquidity dried up. For example, "portfolio insurance" programs in the October 1987 U.S. stock-market crash, and the emerging-markets bonds derivatives in early 1994. But the hope among the traders writing the puts was that they would get their bonuses paid out before anything happened, and many of them were probably right.

There were some people in the perhaps not much loved New York hedge community who could see that the Copper Emperor of Japan had no clothes. They bet heavily against the whole inflated copper game, and have booked good profits on their short positions. But reportedly, some of the short sellers, who believe that copper will continue to go down from here, have been getting calls from central banking officials trying to persuade them to cover their short sales sooner rather than later.

This would have the effect of at least temporarily propping up the price of copper and allowing certain banks to get out of their long positions at a lower loss than they might otherwise. This is consistent with the Federal Reserve philosophy that unlike other institutions, banks and perhaps some securities dealers must be protected from the consequences of their stupidity. We should all have such rich, indulgent, powerful uncles.

Hats should be tipped, by the way, to mining analyst Lianne Baker of Salomon Brothers. She was a lonely voice of reason and sound analysis in the copper market when the bulls were in charge.

■ Speaking of markets where people might be kidding themselves just a bit, at least in the short term, consider the Russian equities market. Back at the end of May, shares of Lukoil, the most widely traded Russian oil company—the Exxon of the East, as it were—were going for around $6 a share. Toward the end of June you could consider yourself lucky, I guess, to have an order filled at around $11.30 a share.

The more feverish outside speculators might want to keep in mind that there's a banking crisis ready to kick in not long after the electoral process is over. Thanks to the Western taxpayer, the crisis in state finances and the banking system has been put off until after the elections, but some time later this year the crunch will come. What's interesting is that Russian stock-market operators don't bother to dispute this. They just think that it doesn't really matter, that values are so compelling in Russia that a banking "consolidation" not dissimilar to the one we had in 1932–33 shouldn't really slow down the market. Oh. Okay.

■ Grant Noble, a commodities player in Lake Forest, Illinois, has had a number of interesting calls in the markets he follows. Right now, he thinks that the best way to fade the conventional wisdom is by going long the March soybean contract and short March corn.

"I think that the market has overestimated the degree to which farmers have decided to switch out of corn and into beans," Grant says. "They're looking at how wet the weather's been, and how much later you can plant beans. But the price of corn has been so high that there is a huge incentive to plant corn, which I think is what has happened. My belief, based on both the fundamentals and the technicals, is that by the spring, beans will roughly double, and corn will go up maybe 50 per cent."

—JOHN DIZARD

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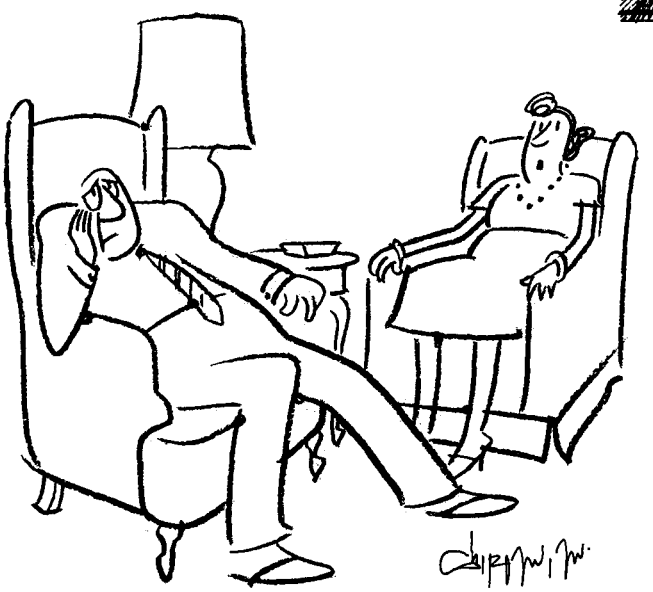

"Maybe we shouldn't have kicked all our bad habits."

The Road Not Taken

Although Christopher sat in their laps
And the President handed out maps,
The Israelis turned right,
Turning Arafat white—
Though one's never sure, under those wraps.

—W. H. von Dreele

JACQUELINE KENNEDY AUCTION
SOTHEBY'S
TEDDY
ANYONE? ANYONE AT ALL? A GENUINE ARTICLE FROM THE KENNEDY FAMILY... DO I HEAR A DOLLAR? FIFTY CENTS..?
WEYANT

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"I DIDN'T GO SNOOPIN' IN NOBODY'S FBI FILES, NEITHER. SO HOW COME NOBODY BELIEVES US?"

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THE HORROR, THE HORROR

God and the Underclass

Liberalism sneers at religion and scorns God. The Welfare State and the underclass follow accordingly.

ROBERT RECTOR

LIKE the script of a horror film, the underclass nightmare lurches through the pages of every major urban paper.

—In Queens, a heroin-addicted mother with AIDS murders her four-year-old daughter, stuffs the body in a laundry bag, and with the help of her current boyfriend—also a drug addict—tosses the bag from a bridge into the East River. The woman is "mother" to four children through a succession of drug-numbed boyfriends.

—In Philadelphia, two commercially successful "gangsta rap" artists realize their fantasies, gunning down a female police officer during a holdup.

—In Chicago, police raid the apartment of five sisters on welfare. The apartment swarms with cockroaches and is chilled by a winter wind pouring through broken windows. In four rooms are 19 children, the youngest 12 months old. Feces and garbage cover the floor; hungry children share food in a dog bowl with several dogs. Dazed, one of the kids asks a policewoman, "Can you be my mommy?"

—In Detroit, a five-year-old is thrown from a 14th-floor window of a public-housing complex because "he refused to steal."

—In Washington, D.C., a gunman empties a semi-automatic into a swimming pool crowded with young children.

The statistics are numbing. In Cleveland, the black illegitimate-birth rate has hit 85 per cent. In Washington, D.C., nearly half of all young black men are in jail, on parole, or under arrest. Young men in Harlem are more likely to die of violence than were soldiers in Vietnam.

While underclass pathology is most acute and devastating among urban blacks, it is spreading relentlessly among whites. As Charles Murray warned in his seminal *Wall Street Journal* article, "The Coming White Underclass," the illegitimate-birth rate (harbinger of all underclass problems) is rising steadily among whites and now approaches 25 per cent. The white illegitimate-birth rate now almost equals the black rate in the mid 1960s when Daniel Patrick Moynihan first issued prophetic warnings about black family collapse.

Conservative explanations of the growth of the underclass have focused on the destructive impact of welfare. As an underclass community starts to emerge, increasing numbers of young women become married to a welfare check rather than to the fathers of their children. Marital disruption starts transforming other behaviors. Young boys raised without fathers grow up wild. Deprived of the role model of a working husband and father, young males look to other role models—amoral, self-destructive, and violent. As marriage is no longer seen as a necessary prerequisite to childbearing, the behavior of young women also changes; self-control shrinks, promiscuity and early sexual activity flourish.

Mr. Rector is Senior Policy Analyst for Welfare and Family Issues at the Heritage Foundation.

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NR West

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The Cost of Quotas

TOM MCCLINTOCK

THE debate over affirmative action ultimately will turn on differing notions of justice and equality before the law. But there is a secondary issue which should also be noted. When arbitrary distinctions based on race or gender are injected into economic life, quantifiable costs are incurred. Sometimes they are the direct costs of preferential programs. More often, they are the indirect costs of inflated prices, bureaucratic delays, and overall inefficiencies which are the inescapable consequences of restricting competition.

In California as in many other states—not to mention the nation as a whole—racial and gender quotas now permeate virtually every aspect of government, including the awarding of state contracts, the hiring and promotion of state employees, the admission of students to state universities, and the appropriation of funds for school children. In the area of acquisition of goods and services alone, California has at least 45 specific laws requiring race- or gender-based preferences. These are included in the Education, Government, Public Contract, Public Utilities, Streets and Highways, Unemployment Insurance, and Vehicle codes. Since 1977 all state agencies have been required to employ affirmative action to "overcome any under-utilization of minorities and women in their respective organizations." And in 1988, the Legislature adopted (and Governor Deukmejian signed) legislation declaring, in essence, that competition for 23 per cent of the dollar amount of all state-funded contracts should be limited to three arbitrary classes: 15 per cent to "minority business enterprises" (MBEs), five per cent to "women business enterprises" (WBEs), and three per cent to "disabled veteran business enterprises" (DVBEs). Although these standards were described as "goals" rather than quotas, the law specifically disqualified from bidding any business which does not go to extraordinary lengths to attain the requisite race and gender participation percentages.

DIRECT costs of state affirmative-action programs exceed $156 million per year. For instance, in response to a recent inquiry from Governor Wilson, state agencies estimated their administrative costs for MBE/WBE programs at $12.8 million for 1993-94 (the most recent year for which complete numbers are available). This survey, however, included only those departments under the direct supervision of the governor's office, and did not include the entire education system, which alone accounts for more than half of the state's budget.

As for education, the "Faculty and Staff Diversity Fund" of the state community-college system spent $2.9 million in 1993-94 for preferential faculty and staff recruitment. Meanwhile race-based programs in the University of California and California State University systems cost $47.2 million. California public schools spent $82 million on "voluntary desegregation" programs, while public schools and community colleges together spend an additional $10 million annually on categorical programs specifically based on race, sex, ethnicity, or national origin.

Indirect costs of mandated preferences are even higher than direct ones. For one thing, as the bidding pool for state contracts is reduced, prices rise. Consider the following example cited by the Department of General Services: "A solicitation for rolling-ball pens was issued by the State without the MBE/WBE participation requirements. In response to a request by a local supplier, the State amended the solicitation to include MBE/WBE requirements. As in the past, numerous bids were received. However, the eight lowest bids were all rejected. Although all bidders had met the technical specifications (in fact, all bidders offered the same pen), the eight lowest bidders had not met preference requirements. Award was made to the ninth bidder, and cost the taxpayers

(Continues on page West-4)

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WEST WORLD

■ Arizona's Governor Fife Symington is facing federal charges over his real-estate dealings. But since President Clinton won't be testifying on his behalf, maybe the jury will believe him.

■ Perhaps following Richard Nixon's advice to run to the middle once he sewed up the presidential nomination, candidate Bob Dole, in his farewell speech to the Senate, touted as one of his proudest achievements the passage of the Americans with Disabilities Act, which represented an expansion of government power of epic—indeed, Nixonian—proportions. Dole should visit the College of Marin on his next trip West. As reported in *Inside California*, a wheelchair-bound co-ed there enrolled in a dance class. After another student hurt his back trying to dance with this girl, the instructor assigned an aide, rather than other students, to work with her. This caused the girl to feel "unwelcome," so she sued the school. All this and more, compliments of the ADA. And if that makes Dole swell up with pride, he should be reminded what cometh before a fall.

■ The embattled Los Angeles Police Department (see "A Thinner Blue Line," *NR West*, May 20, 1996) has chosen its first civilian inspector general, Katherine Mader, a member of the Los Angeles County district attorney's office. A firestorm of protest from civil-rights and victims'-rights attorneys has accompanied the appointment. One attorney lamented the fact that the new appointee has never treated "police officers as common criminals." It is also presumed that she has never treated common criminals as police officers.

■ One of the burning issues in California these days involves the desire of the San Fernando Valley to secede from Los Angeles. We understand the Valley's position. Which is more than we can say for that of Santa Monica State Senator Tom Hayden, the former anti-war radical whose better half (think about it!) used to be Jane Fonda. Asked if he approved of the power of the L.A. City Council to veto secession attempts, Hayden replied: "In philosophy, you don't separate principle from practice. So you have to analyze the full meaning of carrying out that principle, because you're weighing other principles, like our interdependence, with it. So a solution has to be found that honors the right of people to vote and not be vetoed, but it also, in my view, cannot and should not be pursued unilaterally without simultaneously asking the other questions, because to do so means it's the only principle. I don't defend the veto. But it's not the only principle. There are several principles that have to be combined into a new synthesis here. That's basically the difference that I have, if there is one." For a translation into English, please write to Mr. Hayden c/o California State Senate.

■ San Diego riot police are bracing for the possibility of violence at the GOP convention. On the other hand, concrete barriers aimed at keeping pro- and anti-abortion Republicans apart may do the trick.

■ The *Los Angeles Times* published a review of Christopher Matthews's new book *Kennedy and Nixon: The Rivalry that Shaped Postwar America*. The reviewer?—director and movie producer Oliver Stone, the man whose films on Kennedy and Nixon were deliberate attempts to falsify the history of these two Presidents. Stone was morally indignant in his criticism of Matthews: "There are annoying factual errors, misquotes even of famous phrases, and a complete absence of what has been called the 'deep politics' of this pivotal period in American history." Indeed, Stone concluded, the book presents merely "a popular gloss intended for a public that lacks the sophistication to demand more detail, more insight, and more truth." The publication of this review indicates that in our day fiction cannot compete with reality—or is it the other way around?

■ Speaking of the *Los Angeles Times*, there is no more overtly biased Supreme Court reporter than its David Savage, whose articles are also picked up by the *Houston Chronicle* and other news outlets nationwide. A recent Savage offering, in the wake of the high court's decision overturning the vote of a majority of Coloradans to deny

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special privileges to homosexuals, provides a good example of why his articles belong not on the news page, but with the editorials. At first glance it was a typical fluff piece on Justice Anthony Kennedy, who is characterized as a "soft-spoken," "thoughtful," "middle-of-the-road," "mild-mannered and professorial" judge who has "quietly staked out a clear, consistent" judicial position marked by "balance and reason and a moderate tone." But Savage goes a step farther. In the course of gushing over Kennedy's "measured voice" in writing the Colorado decision, Savage quotes a law professor describing Kennedy as a "traditional conservative" and a "true conservative." Savage himself describes Kennedy's philosophy as an "old-fashioned type of Republican conservatism." Ah yes, what better month than July to recall the good old days when Republican conservatives—Lincoln, Coolidge, Eisenhower, Reagan, et al.—stood shoulder to shoulder with homosexual activists against the dictates of American constitutionalism, traditional morality, and common sense? In other words, in the topsy-turvy world of David Savage, real conservatives are . . . liberals. Come to think of it, this is too far-fetched even for the editorial page.

■ A vegetarian Orange County Transit Authority employee accepted dismissal from his job rather than hand out coupons along his route for free hamburgers. It may be the first known case of Mad Bus Driver Disease.

■ In Texas, a state district judge has taken us another step closer to judicial tyranny, ruling that the state Republican Party must permit a homosexual group to rent a booth at its convention and advertise in the convention program, based on the free-speech guarantee in the First Amendment. The mind boggles. And think of the practical ramifications of this kind of regulation of the day-to-day operation of our political parties. Today it might just be homosexual groups. But tomorrow it'll be the militias or the Greens. And after that, Katie bar the door. Someday even the American Bar Association might be forcing a booth down the parties' throats.

■ Jesse Jackson returned West a few weeks ago, this time to rally people to register to vote so that they and their fellow citizens can commit more than three felonies without harsh punishment. Specifically, he is recruiting voters to oppose California's "three strikes" law, which requires a 25-year prison term for people convicted of a third felony. In Jackson's jargon, he wants "to change the . . . national attitude to lift up rather than lock up." This theme did not exactly draw voters like flies to a gut wagon, however. Jackson's conference, called "The Faces of Three Strikes," was reportedly attended by only a hundred people. Nor did the report specify how many of them had the faces of two strikes.

■ The recent fire in southern Alaska hasn't touched the 247 acres of land donated to the National Park Service 11 years ago by Alaska's Van Zelst family. As recounted in a recent news bulletin from the Pacific Legal Foundation, this generous land gift earned the Van Zelsts a ceremony in Washington, hosted by the Secretary of the Interior and attended by a bipartisan group of senators. The donated property was appraised at $2.75 million, based largely on the fact that it held six valuable copper-mining claims. And the Van Zelsts took a tax deduction accordingly. Four years later, the IRS came after them: a federal court injunction, brought on by environmental lawsuits five days before the land gift, had prohibited mineral extraction without a special court order through 1990. According to the IRS, this lowered the value of the land at the time of the gift to a mere $28,000. This figure was adjusted to $38,000 by a later tax-court ruling, but otherwise the IRS finding was upheld. Now the case is before the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals. And as the PLF news bulletin notes, its outcome will be far-reaching in its impact, especially in the area of takings: "If the Federal Government can reap a tax windfall by revaluing the Van Zelsts' property through its own regulatory actions, imagine what the government can do to you. Why should the government pay you full market value when it takes your property, when it can simply devalue it first through regulation and then buy it up later at the depressed value?" This, of course, assumes that the government still pays any attention to the takings clause of the Fifth Amendment. Regardless, the case bears watching.

■ We've heard the rumors, but there's nothing to them. Disneyland is *not* developing a new ride around the theme of infant baptism.

■ There is now a joint-use proposal for the 750-acre Camarillo State Mental Hospital in Ventura County, California. Rather than shutting the facility down next summer, this cost-cutting plan would save it while opening an adjoining new campus of the California State University system. A spokesman for the state Department of Developmental Services has expressed concern for the safety of the mental patients in such close proximity to college students. Less credibly, members of the university's Board of Trustees fear for the well-being of students in such close proximity to mental patients. "That's awfully close proximity for such dissimilar enterprises," according to one. We beg to differ—not about the proximity, but about the dissimilarity. These critics should drop in on a modern academic convention (might we suggest the American Political Science Association, which is due to gather in San Francisco late next month?). If anything, we lean toward a closer relationship between the hospital and the school than the one currently envisioned.

■ Now it can be told. The Montana Freemen finally surrendered after the FBI threatened to blast recordings of Al Gore reading *Earth in the Balance* at them.

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McCLINTOCK
(Continued from page West-1)

about $50,000 more on a $200,000 contract."

This shouldn't surprise us. As a 1979 report for the National Construction Industry Council noted: "Any law that assigns a portion of a market to a particular group, in essence, legalizes monopoly. . . . It is a well-established law of economics that monopoly power leads to higher prices."

In the same vein, California Assemblyman Jan Goldsmith has noted "the creation of so-called pass-through companies, i.e., minority- or woman-owned firms that advertise as suppliers for various items but don't actually stock the items." One of Goldsmith's constituents, an engineering firm executive,

GARFIELD STRATEGY OR BUST

*Times*ly Advice

EVERYONE seems to realize that the Dole for President campaign is in need of advice, and many have come forward to provide it. Most is unremarkable. The neo-conservative *Weekly Standard*, for instance, advises Dole to stop indulging his utterly unsophisticated penchant for bad grammar and infelicitous syntax. But who would have expected the ultra-liberal *Los Angeles Times* to step into the fray and offer Dole guidance? And should Dole and his supporters be suspicious? Or is the *Times* merely being public-spirited in attempting to elevate the level of public discourse?

Most of the *Times*'s advice for Dole over the last two months has been in the guise of straight news reporting, although some small part of it has come in the form of editorials and political columns. It began with a series of articles suggesting that Dole not waste his time campaigning in California. Since the polls indicate an insurmountable lead for Clinton, the *Times* reported, whatever efforts Dole might make in California would be futile and probably counterproductive, inasmuch as they would drain valuable resources from races in other states where he has more of a fighting chance. These articles were accompanied by polls that showed Dole losing not only statewide, but in Orange County, a bastion of conservatism, as well.

The *Times* even generously suggested that the Dole campaign might adopt the strategy of the last Republican to win the presidency without carrying California—the 1880 campaign of *James Garfield*! Of course, in 1880, California had 6 electoral votes, 3.24 per cent of the total necessary to win; today California has 54 electoral votes, 20 per cent of the winning majority total. Perhaps the *Times* failed to do these calculations. Or perhaps not.

Regardless, Dole rejected the sage advice of the *Times* and announced that he intends to campaign vigorously in California, suggesting that he will spend upwards of $10 million in the effort. The *Times*, however, was undaunted in its efforts to proffer advice: If Dole foolishly insists on contesting California's 54 electoral votes, the paper announced, he must at least assiduously avoid the strategy of Governor Wilson's spectacular come-from-behind victory in 1994. Above all, Dole should not make an issue of illegal immigration or affirmative action, the two issues that swept Wilson into office.

It is true, of course, that California voters in 1994 approved Proposition 187—intended to restrict welfare and education benefits for illegal aliens—by a large majority. And it's true that this decision by the people has been subsequently blocked by federal courts and is now, for all practical purposes, moribund. And it seems that public resentment over this issue has increased, and that any candidate who could articulate that resentment in terms of moral and constitutional issues would be attractive to the California electorate.

The *Times*, however, sees beyond these facts, and has consequently warned Dole that the illegal immigration issue will dangerously divide the Republican Party. Indeed, according to the *Times*, Governor Wilson is out of step with current thinking on this issue, as opposed to Texas Governor Bush's more liberal approach. In fact, if Dole chooses Wilson's anti-illegal-immigration approach in California, he will probably lose Texas! So goes the inimitable logic of the *Times*—which is even more inimitable, considering that it follows closely on the heels of revelations that illegal aliens caught smuggling drugs into the U.S. are routinely released without prosecution by the INS.

But the *Times* appears to be concerned above all with Dole's position on affirmative action. The California Civil Rights Initiative (CCRI) will present Californians in November with a chance to end affirmative action on the state level. President Clinton has staked out his continued support for racial preferences in his "mend it but don't end it" speech—a speech demonstrating his indebtedness to Jesse Jackson, for more reasons that just the rhyme and alliteration. For his part, Dole has stated his support for CCRI (and has even introduced federal legislation to the same effect). On the surface it seems an opportunity for Dole to follow Wilson's 1994 lead and embrace and ride the coattails of CCRI—after all, like Proposition 187 two years ago, CCRI today is highly popular in California. It might even seem that Dole could use affirmative action to draw a clear line between himself and President Clinton, circumventing the latter's "me-too strategy."

BUT not to the prescient *Los Angeles Times*, which counsels Dole to drop CCRI as an issue. Why? Again, because it is divisive! (In fact, a few members of Dole's election team—most prominently former California Governor George Deukmejian—have weighed in similarly, presumably because they want Colin Powell to accept a vice-presidential nod, and Powell supports racial preferences and has spoken against CCRI.)

A recent front-page news article in the *Times* proclaimed that "Affirmative Action fades as GOP issue in California." This is highly doubtful, now or at any time before November. On the other hand, Dole may be taking the *Times*'s most recent advice to heart—he did not mention affirmative action on his last two trips to California.

—EDWARD J. ERLER

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explained how these operate: "We purchase steel from PDM Steel, but must offer the opportunity to bid to any MBE/WBE supplier. In doing so, these firms will get a price from PDM Steel, add a percentage to the price, then give us the quote. If we accept the [lower] price from PDM Steel, then we are not giving enough work to [MBEs/WBEs]."

A GENERAL Accounting Office report in 1979 found that minority-firm prices averaged about nine per cent higher than other prices. Applying this factor to California contracts under the MBE/WBE requirements would suggest a total cost of $41.7 million per year in higher prices. This figure is consistent with the experience of the Department of General Services, whose Procurement Division—responsible for about 20 per cent of all state business—reported its MBE/WBE-related higher prices to be $9.7 million in 1994. Extrapolated, this would come to $48.6 million per year statewide. Likewise, a cost study prepared by the Construction Industry Research Board in 1986—based on a survey of 472 prime contractors, majority subcontractors, and MBE/WBE firms, representing 45 per cent of the public-works construction in California during the previous year—estimated $43 million per year in inflated costs due to preference requirements.

As a sidenote, an important additional consideration—but far more difficult to quantify—is the effect of preferences in terms of discouraging additional bids. For instance, according to the CIRB study, "Nearly 61 per cent of prime contractors reported that they avoided bidding an average of 6.8 contracts in 1985 because of special-preference program requirements."

A second indirect cost of preference requirements results from delays brought on by the complexity of compliance. An example cited by the Department of General Services dramatically illustrates this: "On the second re-bid of a difficult and complex solicitation for aircraft, the state received three responsive bids. The low bidder was selected for award. The highest bidder protested, claiming that neither of the lower bidders had made a good-faith effort to meet MBE/WBE goals. Ultimately, the protest was denied. However, by that time, the lowest bidder could no longer honor its price. The State was finally able to award the contract to the second lowest bidder."

The Department of General Services has figured that the time given for submitting bids has increased an average of four weeks due to preference requirements, at an annual cost to taxpayers of at least $15 million.

A third indirect cost of preference requirements is the cost to businesses that want to place bids for state contracts. First they must contact the "awarding department to identify minority, women, and disabled-veteran business enterprises." Then they must contact "other state and federal agencies, and local minority, women, and disabled-veteran business enterprise organizations, to identify minority, women, and disabled veteran business enterprises." Third, they must advertise "in trade papers and papers focusing on minority, women, and disabled-veteran business enterprises." And they must document all this thoroughly.

Estimates of added-private-industry costs range from $130 million (extrapolated from CIRB estimates of added costs in construction contracts) to $240 million a year (by California's Little Hoover Commission). It goes without saying that in the end, consumers pay these costs through higher prices, taxpayers through higher government costs, employees through lower wages, and investors through lower earnings.

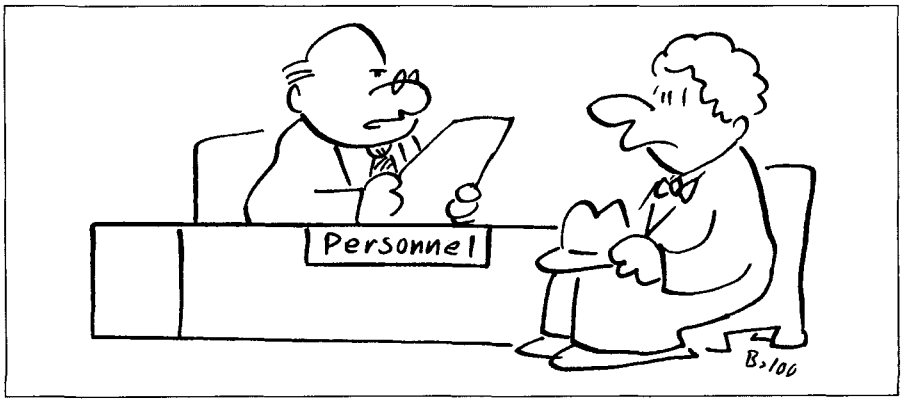
Other costs of affirmative action are even more difficult to quantify, e.g., the cost of qualitative differences in the execution of state contracts due to the arbitrary exclusion of qualified bidders. In some cases, these differences don't come into play. For example, in the case of the pen acquisition above, the pens were the same; only the cost was different. But according to the CIRB study, MBE/WBE subcontractors failed to perform in 11.5 per cent of the contracts reported (often due to bankruptcy), compared to 1.8 per cent (or 6.4 times fewer) of the contracts with non-MBE/WBE subcontractors.

Finally, one of the largest and most tragic costs of affirmative action—and one that is impossible to quantify—is the opportunity-cost to society of racially discriminatory practices which divert resources from their most productive use. If a highly qualified young woman is denied admittance to the UCLA School of Medicine solely because of her Asian ancestry—and such practices within the University of California have been extensively documented—how much have we detracted from the potential safety and prosperity of our society?

OFFICIALLY mandated discrimination in California easily costs $343 million per year in administrative costs to government, compliance costs to business, and inflated prices due to the constriction of competition for the provision of governmental goods and services. This is a conservative number; other estimates range over $677 million. Nor does it tell the whole story: there are many bureaucracies and businesses for which cost information is not readily available; some costs, as mentioned above, are incalculable; and finally, these estimates do not include the costs of racial- and gender-based quotas incurred by cities, counties, and special districts, which would easily double the numbers.

Official discrimination undermines the founding principles of the nation; it poisons the social tolerance which is a necessary condition of a free people; it undermines respect for the law and for governmental institutions. These are social costs, and they are astronomical.

But it also costs money. A lot of it. □



"Do we have a health plan?—Why? Don't you feel well?"

Mr. McClintock is director of regulatory affairs for the Claremont Institute.

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NEVADA'S OFFICIAL LANGUAGES

Betting on English

GAIL EDGE

NEVADA Route 375 is a lonely stretch of road, 140 miles north of Las Vegas, where UFO sightings are relatively common. Five months ago, the Nevada Transportation Department designated it the "Extraterrestrial Highway." Governor Bob Miller suggested that the new signs be placed flat on the ground, to serve as landing props for alien spacecraft. For the time being, he better hope he was joking: a constitutional initiative making English the official language of Nevada—so that, for instance, welfare applications won't have to be printed in Martian if the new highway signs work—fell a couple thousand signatures short of qualifying for the November ballot.

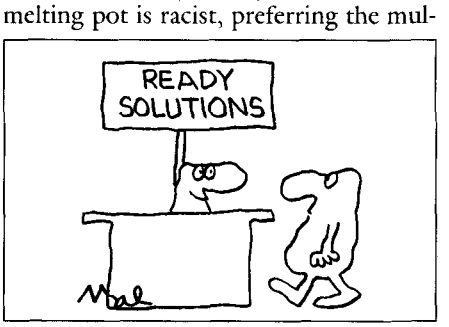
The initiative, drafted by Las Vegas attorney Larry Weinsteen on behalf of Nevadans for a Common Language, stated that "the English language is the language of all public agencies, and all government functions and actions . . . [and] the designated language of all official public documents and records, including all documents officially compiled, published, or recorded by the state." In other words, it required state agencies to deal with citizens in English only. Of course it allowed for commonsense exceptions: emergency health and legal information, language classes in public schools, tourist information, etc.

In retrospect, supporters of the initiative, who filed only six weeks before the June 18 qualifying deadline, say they didn't leave themselves sufficient time to collect the necessary 38,600 signatures. Unlike California, Nevada is specific about where the signatures come from: they must include ten per cent or more of those who voted in the last general election in 13 of the state's 17 counties. So collectors can't just key on Reno, Las Vegas, and Carson City. They have to cover a lot of rural ground.

But "English only" backers aren't disheartened. In fact, they are already starting a new signature drive: Under Nevada law, if they can collect the 38,600 signatures between now and November, the initiative will be automatically placed before the state legislature, where it has a good chance, in January. (The legislature will have 30 days to vote it up or down, without revision.) If it passes there, even if the Governor vetoes it, it will be automatically placed on the ballot as a statutory initiative in 1998. So public debate over the issue continues.

The arguments of the pro-initiative forces are fairly straightforward: America has traditionally been a "melting pot" (or, in the recent words of an un-teleprompted Bob Dole in California, a "boiling pot with open arms"). It has become less so in the post-1960s welfare state, partly because of what Weinsteen calls "governmental complicity in dividing our community into . . . enclaves," e.g., by "accommodating [citizens] in the language of their choice." Government should return to encouraging assimilation, which worked both for immigrants and for society for two centuries. Secondarily, "English only" proponents point out that the initiative would save money.

Opponents' arguments are less temperate. Priscilla Rocha, head of the Hispanic Association for Bilingual Literacy and Education, says the ideal of a melting pot is racist, preferring the multiculturalist image of America as a "garden salad" (or as Dole might say, a lettuce bowl with crossed arms). Indeed, she likens "English only" backers to people "that are into hatred, that are burning black churches in the South."



More reasonable, and no doubt more representative of the opinion of most Nevadans who are not foursquare behind the initiative, was an editorial in the *Las Vegas Review Journal*: "Are Nevadans traipsing down to their local government offices only to be befuddled by a clerk who says, 'Buenos dias'? The last time you went face-to-face with a DMV worker, was she speaking Swedish? When you voted in 1994, was the ballot in Sanskrit? This is much ado about nothing. English is and will always be the language most Nevadans use to communicate."

Weinsteen admitted in response that the initiative is future-, not present-oriented, arguing that Nevada is in the situation of California 15-20 years ago—and that by acting now, it can avoid many of California's current problems. Bellicose opponents only bolster his claims: "I know that they are afraid of us, because we will be the majority one day," said Rocha. (Nevada's current Hispanic population is 10 to 12 per cent.)

SUCH "us" vs. "them" rhetoric, especially among "educators" like Rocha, illustrates the weakness of the *Review-Journal*'s seemingly pragmatic view. Nevada, like the nation as a whole, will continue to accept immigrants. These immigrants will face a choice: follow the model of pre-welfare state immigrant groups and assimilate, or reject assimilation and remain culturally separate—perhaps even using that separateness to claim the special rights and benefits of members of a "victim" class. Nothing could be more important for Nevada's government—or America's—than to encourage the former in every possible way.

Fernando Romero, vice president of Hispanics in Politics, is opposing Nevada's "English only" initiative on the grounds that it is a step toward a Nevada version of California's Proposition 187, ending state benefits for illegal—repeat, illegal—aliens. He, for one, understands that the issue has nothing to do with Swedish-speaking clerks or Sanskrit ballots, and much to do with the defense of the rule of law against the expansion of the welfare state. □

Miss Edge is a freelance writer on topics of Western concern.

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THE ESTATES OF TWO MOVIE GIANTS

Samuel Goldwyn

Jack L. Warner

	Samuel Goldwyn	Jack L. Warner
Gross Estate	$ 27,550,901	$ 26,267,457
Total Taxes & Costs	1,497,382	8,000,771
Net Estate	$ 26,053,519	$ 18,266,686

Legendary movie moguls Jack Warner and Sam Goldwyn were instrumental in advancing the motion picture business. They both died wealthy men with the Warner estate ($26,267,457) only slightly less than the Goldwyn estate ($27,550,901). According to the old saw, "money isn't everything; it is just a way of keeping score," these men finished almost even. Yet Sam bested Jack in several respects in his estate plan. While the marital deduction of both were around $11 million, Sam left $13.8 million to charity while Jack left none. Well, it was his money after all. But the Warner estate shrunk by 30% due to costs and taxes while the Goldwyn estate shrunk by only 5%. Here is the kicker: the Samuel Goldwyn Foundation (1994 assets: $22 million; grants the same year: $500,000), founded in 1987 by Sam and his wife Frances, has given out millions of dollars over the years to the types of charities they favored. So if you keep score by the net worth method, you might consider making the final tally after the government takes all it can.

Let's face it, very few of us are in the same financial league as these two men. Nonetheless, if we really want to accomplish the most we can with the limited assets we possess, we have an obligation to have a will and a carefully conceived estate plan.

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Trail Diary

THREE days into our rookie cross-country motorcycle trip from my friend Bruce Sanborn's home in St. Paul, Minnesota, to mine in Claremont, near Los Angeles, we are in Billings, Montana. Unexpectedly.

We were making time through the Crow nation, 15 miles from Little Big Horn and not far from where Gus, of *Lonesome Dove*, rode impetuously to his death by arrow wounds, when my beemer quit. Bruce set off for a phone. He called AAA (not covered for motorcycles); BMW on-road service (Bruce is covered; I am not); two cycle shops in Billings (will not come); and finally that Patriot and Gentleman, Gunder, of the Yamaha shop, who agreed to drive 180 miles round-trip to bring us to Billings. "I better hurry," he said. "The reservation gets a little rough at night."

We were near Little Big Horn with three hours to wait. We had an Indian problem. We set lookouts. We planned where to hide the cripple if we had to ride off on the good pony.

When Gunder arrived, we learned his wife was expecting their third child any minute. A native New Yorker, he had come here for college and stayed. He remarked on liberals moving in and messing up the state. We got on well.

Day 4: Gunder spent six hours repairing my bike and we took off for Red Lodge and Bear Tooth Pass. The Chief Joseph Scenic Highway was magnificent. Chief Joseph ran through this area to escape the U.S. Cavalry, was distracted by the beauty, and hanged. Or some such story. We saw his problem clearly.

In Cook City, the last town before Yellowstone, a doughnut-shop owner declared that only a fool would ride on at night. We would run into a buffalo and be killed. We checked into the Hoosier Inn, where the lady insisted that we would be perfectly safe in the dark from buffalo. The pot holes would be fatal, though.

Day 5: Yellowstone is carved massively—like Yosemite, but without the fine proportionality and compactness. The herd animals cover ground and will kill you readily. Mountains have names like "Thunderer" and run up to the Continental Divide. Valleys reach far back toward deep woods. Water is cold, clear, and moves fast. The roads are barricaded on each side with snow banks taller than a man.

After racing along the Tetons to the south we found shelter in Rock Spring. Tomorrow we will cross into the Navajo nation, and have been twice advised to watch out. The desert Indians, like those in the high plains, are restless these days.

Day 7: Monument Valley is like a range of citadels or temples. The formidable rock formations tower over the flatness. Some are poised as if they might fall; others appear too solid ever to change. John Ford in his genius chose this place to depict the highest struggles of his heroes and villains. The background supplies the moral depth to their wars that is supplied in other great dramas by reference to angels and devils, witnessing the deeds of men with sorrow or gratification, devouring lust or enraged defeat.

Later in the day, south of the Grand Canyon, we exited Interstate 40 onto the old Route 66 and passed through towns like Peach Orchard, Truxton, and Hackberry, where once-busy restaurants and gas stations are boarded up. One could see the good of these, over the McDonaldses and superstations on the interstate. In them one would meet people running their businesses in their own way. A lot would of course be the same, but they would feel and be special, too.

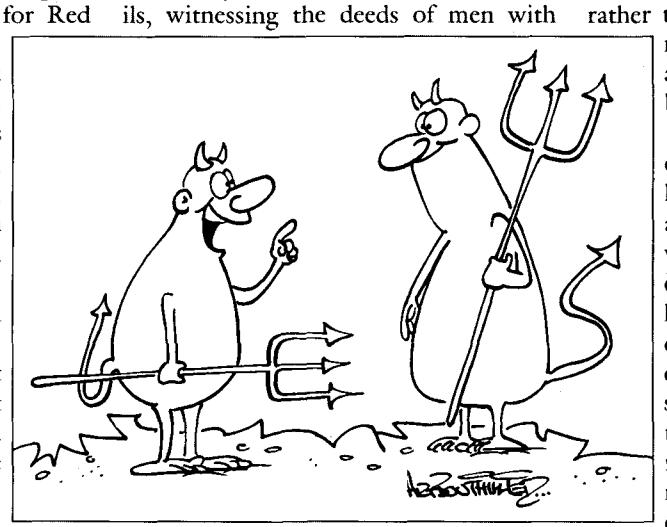
We passed some fellow cyclists and traded the customary waves. Only Harley riders omit this, perhaps cultivating the "outlaw" character that goes with their machines. Yet each one we met was fairly friendly. Motorcycles, like horses, are built to be ridden alone. Their riders have solitude in common. It forms a bond.

Last day: We set off from Kingman at eight, not near early enough to beat the heat. On a motorcycle in the Mohave one must keep his visor down, else his eyes will be toasted by the wind in two minutes flat. One could make beef jerky of his fingers in half an hour without gloves. After five hours of this we reached the top of the Cajon Pass and descended into the L.A. basin. My beemer smelled the barn. The freeway widened to five lanes and I smelled it too.

HUSBANDS and fathers, or citizens who contend regularly with the forces that drive American politics, cannot forget for long the challenges that make up existence today. Our trip was a reminder of former days, when the forces of nature, rather than the forces of the nature of man, were the more immediate adversary. Nothing could have been more welcome or useful.

As Churchill wrote: "A man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using and tiring it, just in the same way as he can wear out the elbows of his coat. There is, however, this difference . . . one cannot mend the frayed elbows of a coat merely by rubbing the sleeves or shoulders; but the tired parts of the mind can be rested and strengthened not merely by rest, but by using other parts."

—LARRY P. ARNN



"Thanks, you look like hell too."

Mr. Arnn is President of the Claremont Institute.

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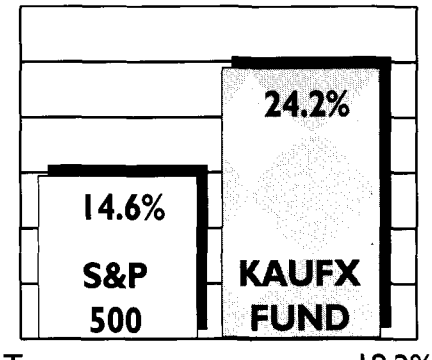

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Welfare's deconstruction of marriage is thus behind the whole tangle of underclass pathology: eroded work ethic, dependence, illegitimacy, drug abuse, crime. This thesis, developed largely by Charles Murray in *Losing Ground* and subsequent writings, is accurate and compelling. But it is important to note that Murray has never argued that welfare is the sole cause for the growth of the underclass. Moreover, even in the implausible event that the entire government welfare system were obliterated overnight, it is unlikely that this would promptly produce renewed and viable underclass communities. The social equivalent of the second law of thermodynamics holds: it is far easier to destroy social order than to re-build it.

Still public debate on the underclass remains preoccupied with manipulating external economic incentives to alter behavior. Liberals focus on providing well-paying jobs to encourage constructive behavior; conservatives seek to curtail welfare's rewards for self-destructive behavior. We seem to have forgotten that behavior is shaped not only by external economic incentives but also by cultural norms and internal character—"the habits of the heart." While economic incentives must never be minimized, we should also look to how character is formed: how the principles of virtue are planted and cultivated in the psyche.

NOT surprisingly, the growth of the underclass since the mid Sixties has coincided with a weakening of traditional moral culture at all levels of society: sexual mores have changed, the bourgeois family and the work ethic have been ridiculed, self has been exalted over family and community, passion and self-indulgence have been lionized over self-control. The weakening of traditional moral culture was as significant a factor as government welfare programs in the burgeoning underclass pathology. Any strategy aimed at putting the thousand anomic pieces of Humpty Dumpty back together must combine welfare reform with moral and cultural renewal.

To understand the cultural aspect of our problems, we should look to the past. A good place to start is Marvin Olasky's *The Tragedy of American Compassion*, which examines successful charity efforts in America's past. Olasky explains that charity workers in prior centuries saw the problems of idleness, drunkenness, crime, promiscuity, and marital desertion as emanating from moral culture and individual character. Historically, private charity organizations took as their central task the molding of character and self-discipline within vulnerable low-income communities. Efforts to deal with the economic aspects of behavior while ignoring the moral and spiritual would have been regarded as foolish.

Typical of these earlier anti-poverty efforts was the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA), established in the nineteenth century, as an instrument for combatting urban crime. The YMCA saw its mission as molding the moral character of the young: it successfully undertook a struggle to win the hearts and minds of inner-city youth.

We can also learn from the life of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. Wesley crisscrossed eighteenth-century England on horseback for nearly half a century, traveling thousands of miles over miry, nearly impassible roads, delivering countless sermons to a largely ignored and rootless urban population. Wesley and his followers transformed the mores, character, and conviction of England's lower and middle classes. Many credit him with setting the moral foundation for England's economic, political, and social progress over the next century.

Two hundred years after Wesley's death, we still find one institution that is overwhelmingly effective in transforming behavior and in helping individuals to lift their lives out of poverty and despair, self-destruction and violence. That institution is the church. The power of religion is amply documented. Investigating black inner-city youth, Richard Freeman of Harvard finds that boys who regularly attend church are 50 per cent less likely to engage in crime than boys of similar backgrounds who do not attend church; they are 54 per cent less likely to use drugs and 47 per cent less likely to drop out of school.

My own research finds similar effects among all classes and races. Boys and girls who regularly attend church are two-thirds less likely to engage in sexual activity in their teens. Regular church attendance halves the probability that a woman will have a child out of wedlock.

The findings pile up. Children attending religious schools are two-thirds less likely to drop out than are nearly identical children who attend secular schools. Children aged 10 to 18 who do not attend church are a third to a half more likely to exhibit anti-social and dysfunctional behavior.

Finally, research shows that young people who attend church have a positive effect on the behavior of other youngsters in their immediate neighborhood. The positive effect of young people motivated by religious virtues is the exact counterpart to the heavily publicized negative peer pressure exerted by street gangs who suck the young into lives of aimless violence and alienation. What we need are more gangs of Sunday-school students as an antidote to the Crips and the Bloods.

Religion is a social penicillin, lethal against a wide array of behavioral pathogens. Ironically, the modern liberal mind regards religion not as a medicine, but as a leprosy from which society must be quarantined. The issue is not merely the purging of religion from the public square, but

"You know the 'man behind the man'? Winston is that man."

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the more critical expansion of the public square in the modern era, displacing the church from its essential roles in education and charity.

But despite liberal efforts to shove it to the sidelines, the church remains America's strongest weapon in the war against family disintegration, crime, drugs, and despair in low-income communities. Churches can clearly succeed in tackling these problems where government has clearly failed. What is necessary is to allow the church to resume some part of those functions in which it has been supplanted by the modern state. In particular it is crucial to break up the near monopolies over education and aid to the poor which the state has erected through its enormous coercive fiscal power.

Sexual mores have changed, the work ethic has been ridiculed, passion and self-indulgence have been lionized over self-control

How can this be done? The first step is school choice: giving poor parents vouchers or scholarships equivalent to the sum that is spent nominally educating their children in the public schools. These scholarships should be used to place children in schools the parents choose: public, private secular, or religious. If true choice in education were established in the inner city, thousands of parents, desperate to save their children from a rising tide of violence, drugs, and promiscuity, would flock to religious schools. New schools, affiliated to the most dynamic inner-city churches, would spring up.

The potent moral force of the churches would be magnified as they became interwoven with more aspects of the life of the inner city. Parents who placed their children in church-affiliated schools would themselves be drawn more closely to the moral authority of the church and to other parents who shared their values. Each church school would become a nucleus around which a community of shared norms could develop. The school would serve not only as a moral haven for children, but also as a moral beacon reaching into the surrounding neighborhoods.

This spring, legislation capable of sparking this type of moral renewal in the inner cities was introduced in the House. "Saving Our Children: The American Community Renewal Act of 1996," sponsored by black Oklahoma Republican J. C. Watts and by Jim Talent, Republican from Missouri, combines the older conservative concept of enterprise zones with a new moral dimension. Following the enterprise-zone concept, the bill would create economic opportunity by cutting taxes and red tape in up to a hundred urban areas. Its novel feature is that in order to qualify for tax relief the locality would have to agree to offer school choice; low-income parents in the community would be eligible to receive federal scholarships enabling them to send their children to private primary and secondary schools, including religious schools. The bill would provide up to a half-million such scholarships.

The Watts–Talent bill also creates a new tax credit intended to enlarge the role of private-sector charity in aiding the poor. It would allow individuals to deduct 75 per cent of the cost of donations to private charities working directly with the poor: many, if not most, of these charities would be religious in nature. The credit would be available to federal-income-tax filers nationwide and could be applied to charitable gifts worth up to $400 each year. The Watts–Talent bill thus uniquely combines the economic and moral strands of conservative thought into a single vehicle to help the urban poor.

Liberals, passionate to preserve their current political quarantine of God, will argue that the bill violates the First Amendment's provisions on religious establishment. But the Supreme Court has repeatedly ruled to the contrary. As long as the individual beneficiary, not the government itself, determines where funds will be spent, there is no prohibition on government-derived money being spent for religious education. Just as a widow can endorse her Social Security check and place it in the collection plate at her church, a parent may use a government scholarship or voucher to enroll a child in a religious school.

SOME conservatives will object that the bill continues and validates the Federal Government's role in aiding the poor. But the Federal Government currently spends almost $300 billion each year on a huge variety of programs for the poor. The "radical" welfare reform passed by Congress last year and vetoed by President Clinton did not cut this spending, but merely slowed its rate of growth. Conservatives cannot place the underclass on hold while they wait for the federalist's millennium when federal domestic spending will cease. As long as the taxpayers contribute hundreds of billions of dollars to federal coffers each year on behalf of the poor, we have an obligation to see that that money is spent in ways that heal rather than harm. It should become a conservative axiom that, as long as a single federally collected dollar is spent on poor children, that dollar should be spent in the way that has the greatest potential to help: education vouchers to allow poor kids to go to religious schools.

By unleashing the church's strength through school choice we can at least *begin* the struggle for the hearts and minds of the next generation. Of course, religion is not a magic bullet. But without religious-based moral renewal, the chances for arresting the present slide into chaotic violence are nil.

School choice is thus not a narrow education issue. It is, rather, a pivotal battleground in which the moral struggle for the soul of the underclass will, in a large measure, be fought. The weapons for this vital struggle are at hand if we choose to grasp them. Meanwhile the body count continues. In Chicago, a 12-year-old is gunned down on the way home from a Halloween party. In a Manhattan welfare hotel a mother deliberately scalds her two-year-old infant to death. In Los Angeles, a family with young children returning from a barbecue makes a wrong turn and is surrounded by a murderous ring of gang members who riddle the vehicle with bullets. Several family members are hit; a three-year-old girl dies. The abyss widens. □

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THE DECLINE AND FALL OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

Capital Offense

Government largesse brought Washington to its knees. Only a huge federal tax cut will get it back on its feet.

JOHN DIZARD

A FEW weeks ago I went back to see my old high school in Washington, D.C. In those days (I graduated in 1967) it was called Western High School, and was integrated *de facto* as well as *de jure*, with a roughly even balance of black and white students. The building, nearly a century old, was a little run down, and we had to scrape up money from our parents to keep the school newspaper going, but you could get an education there. We went to Harvard, Stanford, Tufts, the service academies, and other good schools. The middle-class white and black kids were in the same school activities, behaved equally badly at the same parties, and believed in the same government-issue Great Society politics. We all knew Marion Barry, then a local hustler on the rise who was just hitching a ride on the politics game.

Western is now the Duke Ellington School of the Arts. Much has been added, and much taken away. The most telling sign, I decided, were the clocks in the classrooms. They're the same clocks we had, and they've all stopped. The people in charge of the school have spent thousands of dollars on an elaborate closed-circuit TV system to tell the students about the week's special events, but didn't think some fraction of that should have been spent on teaching the kids to show up on time. And, indeed, the students wander around pretty aimlessly, I suppose waiting for the producers of *Fame II* to sign them up.

They're being cheated, of course, as they will find out after some very cruel lessons. So is everyone else living in the District of Columbia. The city, now in receivership for the second time in its history (the first occasion was in the 1870s), is a poster child for a 12-step program to kick Government Abuse.

A decade ago, D.C. seemed to be on the way to becoming, if not a state, then the political equal of the states. Now the city is being run by what is universally called the control board—formally, The District of Columbia Financial Responsibility and Management Assistance Authority. It is slowly attacking the most egregious fraud and mismanagement. Its charter is to balance the budget in the next three years. It may succeed, if the tax base doesn't shrink any faster than its present rate.

But while the control board may give comfort to the holders of D.C.'s $3.5 billion of bonded debt, it cannot revive the city. Only a restored civil society with a middle class anxious to defend its families and property can do that.

Most of the people now living in Washington are welfare recipients, D.C. government workers, or criminals, and their dependents. They are all opposed to the reforms needed to save the city.

According to the most recent *Washington Post* poll, conducted between May 16 and 19, Mayor Marion Barry has a "good" or "excellent" rating of 52 per cent. When asked if Barry was "trying realistically to deal with the city's problems" 70 per cent said he was. Not that there isn't some dissent: In an earlier *Post* poll, conducted in February, 60 per cent of D.C. residents said that Barry's proposed cutbacks in the unbelievably bloated city government are a "bad idea."

What can you say? Most of the people, white, black, or whatever, who don't take the majority line have left town. They don't want to pay the taxes for nonexistent services, and are appalled by the schools and terrified of the crime. In 1970 there were 757,000 residents; today there are 540,000.

Now if nature were to take its course, the place would soon crumble, be abandoned by its surviving inhabitants, and then be excavated by puzzled archaeologists some centuries hence. It has happened before. But D.C. was formed by the Federal Government, which is constitutionally committed to the place; it cannot strike camp as a private employer or property owner might.

Until now, under both Democratic

Mr. Dizard, who writes NR*'s Gekko page, has spent many years in Washington, D.C.*

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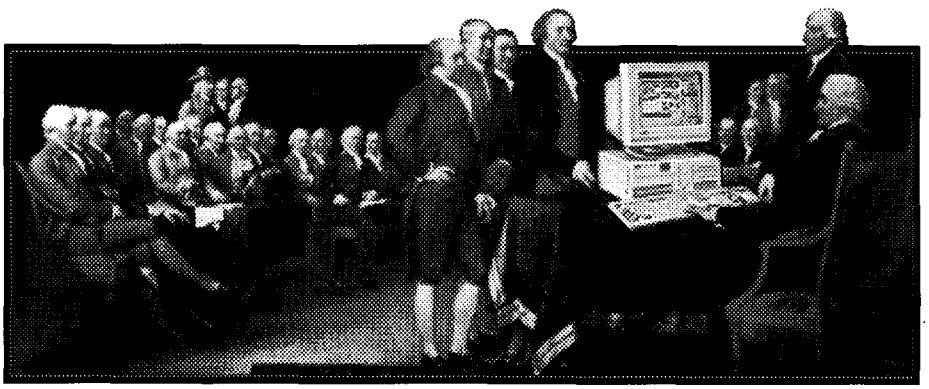

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and Republican Administrations and Congresses, the response to problems in the District has been to fund another program or two. But in the past year, a tectonic plate has shifted. Eleanor Holmes Norton, the non-voting D.C. Delegate to Congress and a member of the city's black political elite, has put forward a bill to cut federal taxes on residents' local income to a flat 15 per cent, with exemptions of $15,000 for single filers and $30,000 for joint filers. Last year, District residents paid about $1.6 billion in federal taxes; Mrs. Norton's bill would cut that by an estimated $750 million. There is a precedent for this sort of tax break. Guam, American Samoa, and Puerto Rico also have limited self-government and representation in Washington, and their residents pay no federal income taxes.

THERE is a popular perception in the rest of the country that Washington is a nest of ill-gotten wealth and privilege. Privilege? Yes. Ill gotten? In many cases. But wealth? Last year, there were only 4,300-odd taxpayers in the District who earned $200,000 or more. What if their tax liability were to be cut by more than a third? Think some of their friends might move into town? As for the core middle class, there were only about 75,000 taxpayers in the District with family incomes between $30,000 and $75,000. If the better-off are the ones who might start new enterprises, the people in the middle are the ones who will harass the school board, the police, and the City Council into delivering real services.

To add to the lure, the Norton plan would retain the mortgage-interest deduction and the charitable deductions. The frosting: there would be no capital-gains tax on investments in D.C. by D.C. residents. The Norton bill would be the camel's nose in the tent for a national flat tax. And it would help transform the terms of debate in the black middle class, which now sees itself as dependent on government jobs and affirmative action.

Of course Mrs. Norton doesn't represent herself as a born-again conservative. "I am a hard-core Democrat and a hard-core liberal," she says. She supports the National Education Association in its unbending opposition to a voucher program for the District's schools, and says of her proposal, "I am not calling this a flat tax because that suggests it is not progressive. I am calling it a uniform tax." Whatever. She is realistic about the essential problem of the District. "The D.C. government has an attitude. Nothing will work unless it is reformed agency by agency, which is where the waste is. The police need to be made more effective. The control board's plan to cut 10,000 jobs (about a quarter of the city payroll) is a good one."

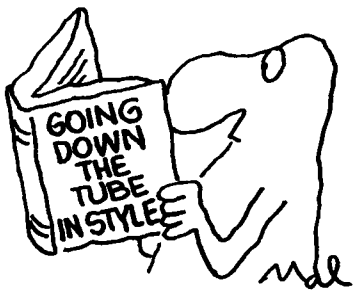
Residents of Guam, American Samoa, and Puerto Rico pay no federal income tax

There are about 15,000 bills introduced in Congress every year, and only a small fraction see the light of day. The District is a pretty unpopular cause in Congress. Even when Democrats are in control, key legislation concerning the city tends to pass by narrow margins.

Even in this basically hostile climate, a surprisingly high level of support has built up for the D.C. flat tax. "The Speaker is interested in it," says Mrs. Norton, "and he's sent a memo to Bill Archer at Ways and Means asking how it can be moved along. Victor Fazio, the chair of the Democratic caucus, has become a co-sponsor." Before leaving the Senate, Bob Dole had offered to get the bill through the upper chamber if it passed the House—a good omen.

It is not, however, a lock. Republican House Members, particularly the newer ones, don't like to think about Washington, and tend to defer to the two or three people in the caucus who have the principal responsibility for D.C. affairs. Their support for a D.C. flat tax is conditioned on seeing reforms in the city government.

Tom Davis (R., Va.) is the chairman of the House District Affairs Committee. He is a freshman from neighboring Fairfax County, where he became head of the county government while working as an executive with a technology company. "This city still has an entitlement/victim mentality," he sighs. "And most of the crimes are being committed against the people who are fighting the changes we're trying to make in the justice system." For Davis's constituents, D.C. is a local issue, which tends to come down to its contribution to the region's crime rate. "Every other jurisdiction is moving away from parole, because 60 per cent of crimes are committed by 3 per cent of the prisoners. But parole in D.C. is almost automatic, and Barry got a lot of support in the last election by making a play for the votes of offenders' families and friends." There are one and a half times as many prisoners now in the District's Lorton Reformatory as there are taxpayers in the $200,000-and-up group.



"At a minimum we want to see regulatory reform so that the city would have the welcome mat out for business," Davis says. "The problem now is that the District's reputation is bringing down the whole region."

In the end, Davis tends to support the bill. "I think it's something we can do. But I want to see some other changes, not just in criminal justice, but in cutting waste and destructive regulations, along with some tax reform by the city."

The flat tax would also need to have the support of James T. Walsh (R., N.Y.), a former phone-company executive who represents Syracuse. Walsh was the City Council president of Syracuse, and is able to make embarrassing comparisons with his home town. "The city is only about three times the size of Syracuse, which has a budget of $330 million. Even if you triple that, and add in the corrections and social services the state provides in New York, you don't come anywhere near the $5 billion the District spends. In Syracuse the city council has a staff of 3. Here it's over 80. When they announce cuts in spending, those are only announcements."

Walsh is a classic American can-do type in a can't-do place, and he is not happy with his part-time home. "Of course I leave my family at home in Syracuse. Why would I live here?" Even so, he'll support the flat tax if certain conditions are met. "I am willing to do this, but not for the heck of it. I want to see some behavioral changes here, including a balanced budget."

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We can't move the government to a less expensive facility in Plano, Texas, or Southfield, Michigan, or any of the other places corporate America has fled to in recent decades. D.C. needs a jump start, and the flat tax would do it. No, it's not entirely fair to reward the city before the rest of the country, but it could provide a testing ground for a tax-and-spend-less philosophy that could be *transplanted* to the rest of the country. □

NATO Looks East

How to talk to the Russians about NATO enlargement and peace in Europe.

PETER W. RODMAN

THOSE of us who favor rapid admission of the Central European democracies into NATO have the burden of demonstrating that it can be done without triggering a major brawl with the Russians and a new Cold War in Europe. This essay offers a strategy for achieving that.

Recent comments by Russian leaders suggest a certain rethinking of the issue in Moscow. President Boris Yeltsin and Foreign Minister Yevgeny Primakov have hinted at "compromise." The optimistic interpretation of these signals is that the Russians are no longer adamant in their opposition to NATO enlargement. The more cynical interpretation is that it's just a clever new tactic to sow confusion and slow down the process.

Whichever it is, once the second round of the Russian presidential election is past, the last excuse for delaying NATO enlargement will be removed. Whoever is in charge in Moscow, the time will be at hand for a comprehensive dialogue with him on the future of European security.

The supposed signals of Russian flexibility have taken various forms. President Yeltsin on a visit to Norway in late March cited the model of France under Charles de Gaulle: Even if the Central Europeans are in the Alliance, the implication was, they do not have to participate in its military organization. Mr. Primakov has focused on the unacceptability of NATO's moving troops, weapons (especially nuclear), and other "infrastructure" eastward. On other occasions, Russians have spoken of the Austrian model: NATO security guarantees to the Central Europeans should be matched by Russian security guarantees, resulting in a secure neutrality. On yet other occasions, Russians have urged a change in the nature of NATO—turning it into a political rather than a military organization—which would presumably make Central European membership more palatable.

Some of these Russian ideas are mischievous. On the other hand, Russia has some legitimate security concerns that can be addressed. A dialogue with Russia is in order, and in fact is essential to any strategy for enlarging NATO successfully. Some topics can safely be discussed, and some reassurances given—but with one crucial proviso: *The Russians must call off their campaign against NATO enlargement.*

What does this mean concretely?

First, there are some restraints that NATO could consider on military dispositions—if balanced by limitations on the Russian side. Russia can have no say in how NATO defends its own members, but NATO's need for nuclear or conventional deployments in Central Europe depends on the threat that it faces. No one should welcome the wholesale remilitarization of the Central European space, which is now free of foreign troops. A discussion of mutual restraint in nuclear deployments in Central Europe, Russia, and Belarus would make sense. Also limits on conventional forces—again, if balanced by limits on the Russian side. But NATO should never give up the right to deploy some small-scale trip-wire force (including Americans if necessary) and the logistical infrastructure needed to make rapid reinforcement possible should restraints break down.

Second, a long-term agreement on relations between NATO and Russia is also a legitimate topic for discussion. But talk of "changing the nature" of NATO is a snare and a delusion. NATO is a security organization, not a social club; that is why new applicants want to join it—and why diluting it has long been an aim of Soviet (and apparently now Russian) foreign policy. That President Clinton seems to have been lured into such a discussion is most disturbing. (See the leaked text of a January 26, 1996 telephone conversation between President Clinton and President Yeltsin, in the Russian journal *Zavtra*, No. 11, March 1996, and President Yeltsin's remarks in the joint news conference in Moscow on April 21, 1996.)

Third, any talk of military restraints must be conditioned on Russian acceptance of NATO enlargement. If Russia keeps up its campaign of intimidation—and especially if it threatens to shoot its hostages (i.e., to brutalize the Baltic Republics, Ukraine, and others not admitted to NATO in the first wave)—then we owe Moscow no assurances whatever. In such circumstances, in fact, it would be most unwise for NATO to *refrain* from deploying whatever weapons and forces it deems necessary.

Once the Russian presidential election is past, the last excuse for delaying NATO enlargement will be removed

Indeed, no concessions of any kind should be given the Russians for free. Moscow will want new financial aid (especially after Yeltsin's inflationary moves in the campaign). It has expressed interest in joining the G-7 group of industrial nations and in having the Bosnia "Contact Group" (U.S., UK, France, Germany, Russia) become a continuing consultative body. The Russians also seek to reopen the Conventional Forces in Europe agreement,

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since the break-up of the USSR has transformed their security situation. Whether any of these gestures is a good idea or not, they should not even be discussed until the Russians have called off the dogs, permanently, on NATO enlargement.

Fourth, the above elements point to a strategy for dealing with the "shooting the hostages" problem. Moscow needs to understand that if it threatens the Balts or Ukrainians or others, the curtain will come down: NATO enlargement will *accelerate*; no restraints on NATO's military dispositions, nuclear or conventional, will apply; relations with the West (including economic) will go down the drain; and Russia's self-isolation will be complete. Countries not admitted into NATO in the first wave will not, by definition, have the Alliance's most solemn defense commitment, but NATO's declaratory policy *must* make clear to the Russians that their bullying of these states will be taken as an intention to destabilize Europe, and that the West will react accordingly.

THE West has the leverage here. If a new dividing line appears in Europe—and is remilitarized—it will be hundreds of miles east of where it used to be, at a time when Russia is broke and has pressing security problems elsewhere, in the Caucasus and Central Asia. Russia should fear this result more than we. In a game of chicken, the West wins if it keeps its nerve.

Thus, what is called for most of all is the determination to proceed, and rapidly. NATO membership will only consolidate the implications of what already happened in 1989 and 1991: that these countries are sovereign and independent and free to choose their associations. Russians must understand that the outcome of 1989 and 1991 is irreversible. If we are truly determined, realists in Russia will see that NATO membership for Central Europe cannot be stopped and that a constructive long-term relationship between Russia and NATO presupposes Russian acceptance of it.

This requires an end to Administration hesitations—no more absurd linkage to the glacial pace of European Union enlargement (as in Secretary of State Warren Christopher's January 18 speech at Harvard); no more reassurances to the Russians that NATO enlargement won't happen any time soon (as in countless high-level conversations); no more "studies" and "conclusions" (as in countless NATO communiqués); no more fear of upsetting the delicate position of "moderates" in the Kremlin, when we should instead be hedging against the nationalistic turn in Russian policy that has already occurred under Yeltsin.

Provided Russia accepts the outcome of 1989 and 1991, there is no objective basis for great-power conflict in Europe. With two-thirds of American troops already gone from Europe, it is absurd for Russians to claim an offensive threat from any of this. The long-term relationship between Russia and the West can be benign, and Russia may well become a true partner, depending on its domestic evolution *and* its foreign-policy behavior in Europe.

All that is required in the West is some courage right now. □

Cuckoo's Nest

A well-intentioned provision in the Senate's health legislation may exacerbate the abuses in America's mental-health industry.

EUGENE H. METHVIN

JOHN David Deaton was a normal 17-year-old when he walked into a National Medical Enterprises (NME) psychiatric hospital in Dallas. A physician had persuaded him to go there for help with depression after his girlfriend jilted him. Deaton did not know that the physician was on the hospital's payroll, and that his pay depended on how well he did at filling the hospital's beds.

A doctor who did not see Deaton until months later ordered him admitted to the hospital. After four days, when Deaton sought to leave, he was tied down with leather restraints. He was diagnosed as having "borderline personality disorder," a catchall label psychiatrists can pin on a lot of people who don't fit more specific diagnostic categories. And after Deaton thought out loud about killing himself or the nurse who first had him tied down, the shrinks added "homicidal and suicidal ideation" for good measure. In fact, however, the most abnormal thing about John Deaton was that his father's employer provided extraordinarily rich insurance coverage for mental illness.

Altogether, 22 psychiatrists signed Deaton's charts to keep him restrained, and he was held for more than a year, including 333 days tied to a wheelchair or spreadeagled on a bed with leather restraints. He was required to use a bedpan and never allowed more than one arm free to take his meals.

It was only when Deaton's insurance coverage ran out that he was allowed out of his restraints. His muscles had atrophied so badly he could not walk. So the hospital tied him to a gurney and moved him by ambulance to a state hospital. The doctors there released his restraints immediately, but it took ninety days to nurse him back to health before he could be freed. "I was held in bondage for insurance money," Deaton told a congressional hearing in 1994. "Health-care fraud cost my insurance company around $250,000. It cost me over a year of my life."

Now, thanks to a recent U.S. Senate vote, we may all become more vulnerable to this kind of psychiatric buccaneering, if not as "patients," then as people who will have to pay higher insurance premiums to cover "therapy" for a host of illnesses, many of them imagined or bogus.

For the senators, this was one of those "feel good" votes that give benefits to some vocal, organized interest group at the expense of voters who will never know their pockets are being picked. The senators amended the Kennedy–Kassebaum health-care bill to require insurance companies and employers who provide health-care coverage to pay for treatment of mental illness on the same basis as they pay for treatment of ailments such as diabetes, heart disease, and cancer.

Mr. Methvin is a Washington-based roving editor with Reader's Digest.

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The critical vote was 65 to 33, and debate lasted just forty minutes. Sen. Alan Simpson (R., Wyo.) told about a niece who had killed herself. Sen. Paul Wellstone (D., Minn.) described visiting his brother in a psychiatric ward. Sen. Pete Domenici (R., N.M.), who co-sponsored the amendment with Wellstone, did not have to mention—because most of the senators knew about it—his daughter's battle with mental illness.

CURRENTLY, almost all companies with employee health benefits offer some coverage for mental illness, but 89 per cent set lower limits on what they will pay for such treatment than for treatment of physical ailments, according to the Congressional Budget Office (CBO). The Senate action would "impose direct costs of $11.6 billion" on employer-insured workers, averaging $110 each. Who will pay for it? Most likely the workers themselves, in the form of lower wages or cuts in other benefits, says CBO Director June E. O'Neill.

Typically, employers and insurance companies now set yearly limits of 20 outpatient visits and 30 days' hospitalization for mental illness, whereas for other illnesses hospitalization and physician visits are unlimited. Patients pay only 20 per cent for outpatient services for other illnesses, but 50 per cent for mental illnesses. Lifetime payments for mental illnesses typically are limited to $50,000, compared to $1 million for other ailments.

There is good reason for those limits. "Mental illness" is a vague concept, and so is "therapy." And the Senate's legislation does nothing to eliminate that vagueness.

For broken hips, strep throats, diabetes, or gallstones, diagnosis is reasonably standardized and verifiable by objective laboratory tests, X-rays, sonograms, and such. Not so in psychiatry, where diagnoses are much more subjective and debatable. Likewise with treatment, which in the case of mental illness may range from "talk therapies" to electroshock, from drugs to straitjackets. The American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual* has gone through five major revisions in forty years. And ailments such as "generalized anxiety disorder," "depression," and "adolescent antisocial behavior" can be suggested, induced, or faked.

Moreover, psychiatrists have attached diagnostic labels to problems that once, in a less mobile America, were handled by grandparents, aunts, uncles, or clergy. Under the rubric of "mental illness," the doctors have medicalized, monetized, and socialized the ordinary emotional bumps and bruises of life.

Already, federal and state fraud investigators have uncovered shocking mental-health scams. In Georgia, psychiatrist James E. McLendon in a single year billed the state for $6.6 million for Medicaid patients. On average he billed for 488 hours of therapy per week, though there are only 168 hours in a week. In New Jersey, Dr. Carl Lichtman submitted hundreds of claims to private insurers for therapy programs that never took place. Once he got paid, he kicked back as much as 25 per cent of his loot to the "patients," who included 56 teachers, a school psychologist and 3 school administrators, and 150 others. Insurance-company officials said Dr. Lichtman billed for as many as 50 hours in a single day. He pleaded guilty and faces up to six years in prison.

The doctors have medicalized, monetized, and socialized the ordinary emotional bumps and bruises of life

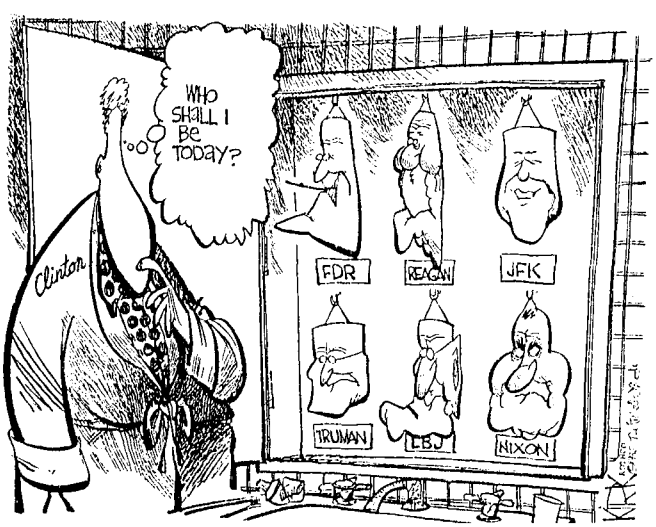
And as the Deaton case shows, the danger from the Senate's do-good attempt is not only to our pocketbooks. It could turn into a Frankenstein's monster that would needlessly lock many Americans up in psychiatric wards.

Indeed, it happened just that way in the 1980s. The mental-health special-interest groups pressured several state legislatures and Congress into requiring or providing coverage for mental illness. The result was a boom in the building of psychiatric hospitals. Anxious parents and their adolescent offspring were favored beneficiary/victims.

As Joe Sharkey observes in his book, *Bedlam: Greed, Profiteering, and Fraud in a Mental Health System Gone Crazy*: "The frenzy to find kids with insurance and put them in psychiatric hospitals had become so overheated that one California school official likened it to *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. A 1990 federal review of 500 psychiatric inpatient cases, most involving adolescents and children, found two-thirds were unnecessary hospitalizations."

Sharkey tells how, on April 12, 1991, two burly security guards handcuffed 14-year-old Jeramy Harrell and dragged him in tears away from his grandparents' suburban San Antonio home. The guards were acting on orders from a National Medical Enterprises physician, who was relying on another patient's unfounded say-so that Jeramy had a "drug-abuse problem." Jeramy was locked in a psychiatric ward for five days. Not until the fourth day was a drug test administered; it was negative. The hospital billed Uncle Sam under his grandfather's military-retiree health insurance: $12,000. Meanwhile, his frantic grandparents had turned to State Sen. Frank Tejeda (now in Congress), who got a court order freeing Jeramy. The psychiatrist turned out to have faked his credentials, and ultimately went to prison for five months. NME eventually paid $300,000 to settle the Harrell family's lawsuit.

Jeramy's experience touched off a Texas Senate investigation—and one of the worst scandals in American medical history. Jeramy's grandmother testified that the ordeal reminded her of her childhood in Nazi Germany. Texas news-



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papers raised a hue and cry. Scores of victims of abuse in psychiatric hospitals testified. Shocked state senators found a cornucopia of horrors. Social workers, school counselors, probation officers, crisis-hotline workers, even ministers—"people we have all been taught to trust, not to avoid"—served as "headhunters" and were paid "bounties" for referring people who then were cajoled or dragooned into admitting themselves to psychiatric hospitals.

These patients received "massive doses of medicine," said State Sen. Mike Moncrief, who chaired the investigation. "If the patient wasn't mentally ill before his therapy, he certainly would be after it."

One Texas teenager's insurer was charged $1,045 in a single day for 21 sessions of "counseling," "group therapy," and "dance therapy." Her father protested: "My daughter was hospitalized for psychiatric care, not training for the Bolshoi Ballet."

National Medical Enterprises was the major offender in these cases. It was a $4-billion company that operated a nationwide chain of 77 psychiatric hospitals. In August 1993 six hundred FBI and other federal agents raided NME headquarters in Santa Monica, Calif., and NME hospitals in seven states, hauling out cartons of records. On the New York Stock Exchange NME's stock fell from $26 to $7. The directors threw out the founders, who were running the company, and new management paid more than $600 million—about three years' worth of profits—in criminal fines and reparations to the federal and state governments, 19 insurance companies, and nearly a hundred patients, including John Deaton.

Peter Alexis, an NME regional vice president, was convicted of conspiracy. He admitted he had paid more than $40 million in bribes to more than fifty physicians (including some of the psychiatrists who imprisoned John Deaton) for helping to keep his hospital beds filled. U.S. Attorney Paul E. Coggins in Dallas has convicted several psychiatrists and psychologists and has a task force pursuing dozens of additional cases. Convicted physicians have been required to surrender their licenses as part of their plea bargains.

WHILE the abuses are huge, so, at the core, is the problem of mental illness. No one who has seen the ravages of obsessive-compulsive disorder or schizophrenia, or lost by suicide a young friend suffering clinical depression or its weirder version, bipolar manic depression, would deny it. Relatively inexpensive pharmacological treatment can cure or immensely relieve these conditions in a majority of patients. And more effective drugs, which entail fewer harmful side effects, arrive regularly from the laboratories.

But the U.S. Senate has been slow to recognize the need for safeguards against malingerers and greedy physicians who exploit the various health-insurance programs. Not a single U.S. Senate staffer called the office of Texas Senator Moncrief, which has the most experience of any legislative office in the nation in such matters, to find out about the more than two dozen legislative and regulatory safeguards the massive Texas investigation generated. For example, Texas passed a "patient bill of rights" requiring hospitals to post prominently information about their ownership, rights in voluntary and involuntary commitments, and names of people whom patients can contact if they have problems. Marketing and admissions practices of mental treatment facilities are regulated, and so are referral services.

In Congress representatives and senators will meet any day now to hammer out the differences between the health-care bills passed by the two houses; the senators seem prepared to slow down a bit. It would be a good idea for the legislators to shelve the Senate's mental-health parity provision, while someone calls the Texas legislature to explore the scandals uncovered and safeguards developed there. □

Chemical Reaction

If the Chemical Weapons Convention is unenforceable, what's the use of having it?

DOUGLAS J. FEITH

ONE of the less-noticed legacies of Saddam Hussein is now being considered by the Senate: the Chemical Weapons Convention (CWC), a 1993 treaty that would prohibit possession of chemical weapons. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee supported ratification, with half of the Republican members voting in favor.

Chemical weapons pose a serious threat. They can be manufactured easily and stored without detection. Their production is not a high-technology enterprise: a factory or laboratory that makes fertilizer, pharmaceuticals, or plastics can readily be adapted for the purpose. As a result of widespread recent advances in bio-technology, toxic agents can be produced by means that provide little or no intelligence "signature" at all.

Chemical weapons appeal to potential aggressors because small quantities—quantities that could be stored in a single warehouse of moderate size—could hamstring an enemy in its efforts to mobilize, receive reinforcements, maintain air-sortie rates, and the like. For forces deployed defensively, using limited active-duty units and relying on rapid mobilization in the event of war—forces such as those in NATO (especially during the Cold War) and in South Korea and Israel—time is of the essence, and mobilization delays can have strategic consequences.

If chemical weapons were difficult to manufacture or hide or if they were militarily significant only in large quantities, it might make sense to attempt to ban their possession. But when the opposite is the case, the ban cannot be expected to work against countries whose governments have a history of acting in bad faith.

It is bad practice for the United States to enter into arms-control agreements that cannot be verified. Signing on im-

Mr. Feith served as Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense in the Reagan Administration. This article is adapted from his March 21, 1996, testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

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plies either that we trust the other parties, or that, if we do not trust them all, we can satisfactorily monitor those of concern to us.

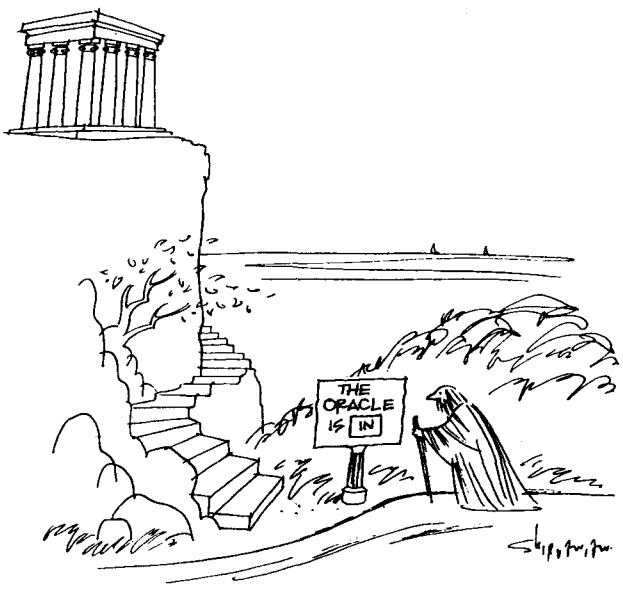
When addressing the CWC's unverifiability, the treaty's supporters often remark that there is no such thing as "perfect" verification. But the problem with the CWC is *not* that our intelligence agencies would be able to detect only 90 per cent or 80 per cent or even 50 per cent of significant violations. The issue is not how much confidence is enough. The problem is flat and stark. The countries now of greatest concern to us—the People's Republic of China, North Korea, Syria, Iraq, Libya, and Iran—could become parties to the agreement knowing that they could produce and stockpile chemical weapons without detection.

EVENTS in recent years should have resolved once and for all the question of whether a ban on chemical-weapons possession can be verified effectively. The mandate of UNSCOM—the United Nations Special Commission on Iraq—was to see to the dismantling of Iraq's offensive-warfare programs: chemical and biological weapons, nuclear weapons, and long-range missiles. It has had more than a thousand inspectors combing Iraq on the ground ever since Iraq's defeat in Desert Storm in 1991. The Iraqi regime, under military threat and the pressure of severe economic sanctions, has permitted this intrusion and allowed UNSCOM inspectors access to its facilities and personnel to a remarkable degree.

The UNSCOM inspectors have had more extensive and thorough access in Iraq over a longer period of time than inspectors would have in any country under even an extreme reading of the CWC. Nevertheless, after three, four, and five years of persistent (and courageous) on-the-ground investigation, UNSCOM inspectors continually make significant new discoveries about Iraq's chemical- and biological-weapons activities. In other words, years of intense scrutiny of a single country that was compelled to cooperate have not sufficed to uncover all the major elements, let alone the finer points, of the Iraqi programs. Under the circumstances, one can hardly maintain that inspections under the CWC, burdensome though they will be, can ensure effective monitoring. Ambassador Rolf Ekeus of Sweden, who heads UNSCOM and who helped negotiate the CWC, remains a supporter of the new treaty, but he has stated candidly and categorically that it would not be effective against countries like Iraq that act clandestinely and in bad faith.

If the CWC will not be effective against countries like Iraq, it is reasonable to ask, what is the need for it? If we want to ensure that countries like the United States, Canada, and Britain do not have chemical weapons, we can achieve this without a burdensome new international bureaucracy. It can be done by the friendly democratic countries themselves, acting jointly or in parallel. The CWC's purpose is precisely to constrain dangerous, secretive, non-democratic countries like Iraq, and if it clearly will not do so, then the treaty has no reason for being.

Another Iraq-related piece of recent history deserves careful consideration. During the Iran–Iraq war of the 1980s, Iraq used chemical weapons against Iran. This included the first military use ever of nerve gas. Iran invited a United Nations inspection team onto its territory to examine the victims, witness the damage, and study the unexploded chemical munitions fired from Iraq. Through gruesome videotapes, laboratory analyses, and other means, the inspectors proved that Iraq had used chemical weapons in violation of the 1925 Geneva Protocol, to which it is a party. That venerable treaty banned the initiation of chemical warfare. In other words, it banned *use*—as opposed to *possession*, which the CWC would ban. Iraq's widely publicized flouting of the Geneva Protocol led, a few months later—in January 1989—to the convening in Paris of a large international conference to do something to uphold the old treaty. But the conference could not agree upon any sanctions against Iraq. It did not resolve so much as to censure Iraq. Indeed, it could not pass a resolution even mentioning Iraq by name.



The new treaty would not be effective against countries like Iraq that act clandestinely and in bad faith

The governments that fell down on the job of upholding the Geneva Protocol then strove to demonstrate their commitment to arms control by agreeing upon an unverifiable ban on possession of chemical weapons. Thus we have the CWC. If Iraq's use, in violation of the Geneva Protocol, of nerve gas and other chemicals against Iran—a UN-confirmed illegality about which there was no verification dispute, a violation that produced horribly disfigured victims and lurid corpses, all displayed on television around the world—produced no condemnation of Iraq, let alone punishment, then what basis exists for believing that non-compliance with the CWC would produce such action? If the Geneva Protocol cannot be enforced, then much less could the CWC. And if the Geneva Protocol *is* properly enforced, then the CWC is unnecessary.

CWC supporters often fall back on the argument that the new treaty would, at least, strengthen international norms against chemical weapons, especially if the United States would lead by example, by destroying its own chemical arsenal.

If the Administration is intent on eliminating the U.S. chemical arsenal in any event, as a "state-

(Continued on page 56)

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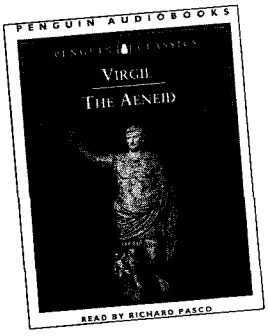

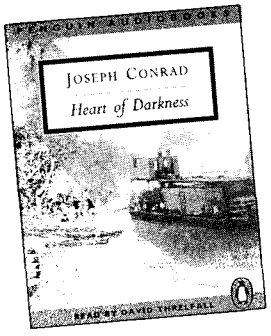

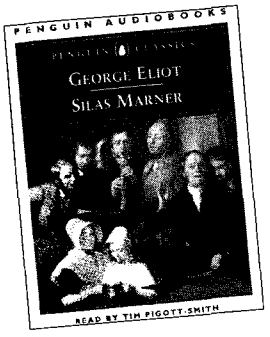

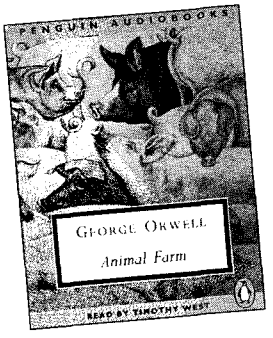

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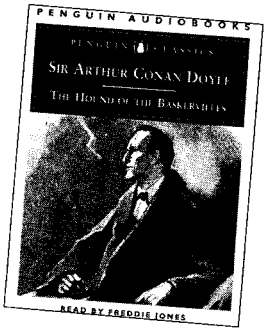

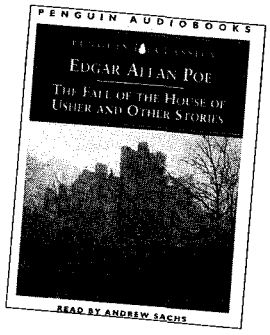

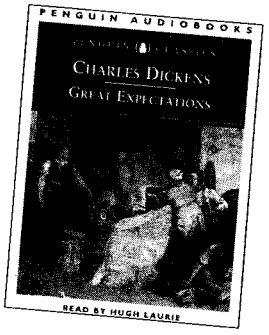

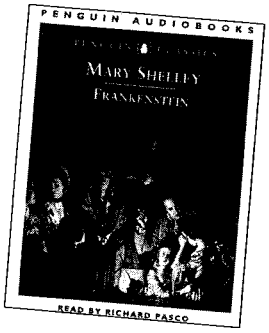

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

June 22, 1996

Dear Rusty,

I was working late one night—watching tapes of Christie Whitman's debates with Jim Florio (don't know why; just interested, I guess)—and I lost track of time. I was heading out of the West Wing in the usual way when I suddenly remembered the most recent memo from the White House Office of Security, following the discovery of some Rose Law Firm billing records in the Book Room. "From now on," the memo went, "all White House personnel are hereby required to pass through the Book Room no fewer than three (3) times in any twenty-four (24) hour period. For those staff unaware of the Book Room's location, it's up the back stairs, down the main corridor, through the small butler's door on the right, along the crawlspace, and through the door at the back of the closet. When entering and exiting, please take care not to disturb Mrs. Rodham Clinton."

Of course, I didn't need directions. But when I reached the door, I heard the faint tinkling of bells. And I could smell incense. So I knocked.

A deep-voiced female called out: "What undead spirit walks the earth? What lifeless vision knocks?"

I cleared my throat. "Um, it's me. Al Gore."

"Eleanor? Is it you?" asked a familiar voice. "Eleanor? The forces are against me, just as they were against you! The conservatives and the reactionaries don't understand. Help me, Eleanor!"

I cleared my throat again. "No, not 'Elean-Or.' 'Al Gore.'"

A silence. Then the deep-voiced woman: "Mr. Vice President, is it you?"

"Yep," I answered.

"But your voice . . . it sounds so masculine. I could have sworn it was Eleanor Roosevelt's."

The door was unlocked by HRC. The Book Room was lit by six flickering candles. A large woman in a kaftan sat fanning a deck of cards.

"Okay, Al, you caught me," HRC said. "I was trying to contact some voices from the other side. "Please promise me that you won't tell a soul."

"Well," I said, "if you'd prefer to keep it quiet, I'll respect that. But I think you're missing a chance. The American people are very interested in spiritual experiences. In my book, I was very open about the time halfway through an Indian sweat lodge that I floated out of my body and back to Washington to talk to the statue of Lincoln. And no one thought I was weird."

"Really?"

"Really," I said. "Besides, the Book Room has been the site of so many unexplained phenomena, I don't think one little seance will upset people."

"Good point," she said. "I mean, isn't it possible that some mischievous spirit . . . A poltergeist! What if a poltergeist put the billing records in this room?"

"Well," I said, "have you talked to a poltergeist tonight?"

"Nope," HRC answered. "Just Eleanor Roosevelt and Mahatma Gandhi."

I thought about this. I think it's safe to rule Gandhi out—unfamiliarity with U.S. trial rules, for one thing; the fact that practical joking is essentially "active" and not "passive," for another. And it didn't seem likely that the spirit of Eleanor Roosevelt committed any funny business with the Rose Law Firm billing records. On the other hand, I wouldn't put it past her to request an FBI file or two—she's from the old school, when they were awfully lax about stuff like that. Still—who knows how many undead shades might be lurking around. (Nixon came immediately to mind.)

"You know what, Al?" HRC said. "I will tell people about my seances. Maybe the American people will understand." She turned to the woman. "Mrs. Houston, let's try another spirit."

"Do you mind if I sit in?" I asked.

Mrs. Houston peered at me. "So often," she said, "the presence of another strong life form disrupts the ability to contact the spirit realm." She looked deep into my eyes. "Lucky for us," she went on, "that won't be a problem here."

We took our seats and held hands. Silence.

Then we heard faint footsteps. "What apparition comes to haunt us?" Mrs. Houston cried.

From the shadows of the Book Room came an undead-sounding voice: "Good evening."

The three of us started. "What horrifying vision is before us?" Mrs. Houston cried.

"Um, it's me, Warren Christopher." And, indeed, it was. "I was just on my way out."

He slipped out, but by that time, the spell was broken. I went home. But the image of HRC stuck in my mind. Rusty, so many people think of her as some kind of Lady Macbeth. But let me ask you: Did Lady Macbeth talk to ghosts?

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Stalin: The Revised Edition

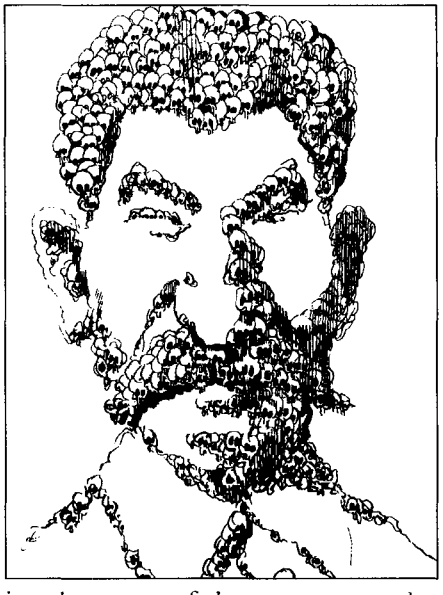
ROBERT CONQUEST

IN his *Life and Terror in Stalin's Russia, 1934–1941*, Robert W. Thurston argues that "Stalin was not guilty of mass first-degree murder from 1934 to 1941." Thurston is thus very much a "revisionist"—although, as Stephen Cohen has pointed out, today the word is a euphemism. What was called revisionism in the past accepted the data, old or recent, and reinterpreted them; and while there are, of course, "revisionist" scholars of Soviet matters who have enlarged our perspective in that way, now the term, as Cohen notes, usually applies to a particular school of thought that has accepted falsification, dismissed established evidence, and misinterpreted newer materials.

The current partial revival of Stalinist attitudes in Russia means that the issues raised by this form of revision have once more gained a certain actuality. Spokesmen for the new Communist leadership have, for example, asserted that Stalin killed fewer than a million people. For such reasons we should consider books like Thurston's—if not so much on their own account, then as symptoms of a broader malaise.

Life and Terror in Stalin's Russia, 1934–1941, by Robert W. Thurston (Yale, 296 pp., $30)

It is to Thurston's credit that he nowhere descends to the fairly vicious tone that marks much "revisionist" writing. Nor does one find that rather guilty air of one who is seeking attention by pushing notions he knows in his heart to be untenable. Instead, one feels an honest naïveté—as when a certain partiality for Stalinism emerges in such comments as that under a 1932 decree peasants were sentenced for keeping small amounts of "public produce for themselves." In fact it was, of course, their own produce, which the state had stolen from *them*. He has elsewhere praised the "upward social mobility" found under Stalinism, while omitting the downward mobility into the execution cellars of the Lubyanka and the gravepits of Lelashevo that accompanied it; and, even more important, neglecting the nature of those so promoted—the "negative selection," as they now say in Moscow, of the "morally and intellectually crippled," as Alexander Weissberg put it.



Roman Genn

Other revisionists (like the Communists in Russia) are mainly concerned to keep the casualty figure as low as is remotely plausible. Thurston, while generally accepting this approach, is more interested in showing that the Terror did not have profound, or long-term, effects on ordinary life. His main themes are that the terror of 1937–38 was not all that pervasive; that the accusations against the victims were rational in terms of Stalin's paranoid character; that Stalin was not directly responsible for much of what happened; that Andrei Vyshinsky was a great legal reformer; and above all, that not many people felt much fear.

Let us first consider his figures. In his introduction, Thurston expresses warm gratitude to the two most visible of the far-out revisionists, J. Arch Getty and Gabor Rittersporn. In particular, he thanks them for providing him with "materials." Insofar as these materials are figures of the casualties, their provenance alone guarantees their inadequacy. A year or so ago, these two sent a letter to the *American Historical Review* with what they called the final, documented tally of the number of victims, based on material presented by the secret police to the leadership forty-odd years ago. Your reviewer was asked to comment, and pointed out that the 1990s spokesman for the Security Ministry, presenting the first of their two sets of figures, had himself emphasized that the reality had in fact been "many times greater"; while the second gave yearly arrest figures only a quarter as large as Gulag entry tables already accepted by the two contributors. The editor then decided that publication would not further our knowledge.

It is reasonably clear, if we collate other sources, that the probable figure from executions in 1937–38 is not the 681,692 given in such documents and accepted by Thurston, but some two and a half times as high. In any case, Thurston's argument is that his figure is not enough to constitute "mass terror." One imagines that if the equivalent half a million people had been shot in the United States over two years, it might have been thought of as having a large-scale effect, socially and otherwise. Indeed, Thurston compares the hysteria of the Stalin Terror to that of McCarthyism, and the Hiss case. The

Mr. Conquest, a fellow of the Hoover Institution, is the author of Stalin: Breaker of Nations. *This review is republished from the* Times Literary Supplement. © Times Literary Supplement, *London, 1996.*

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Americans did actually execute the two Rosenbergs. Still, the comparison would have been more apt if they had shot that half a million suggested above, including most of the government and three-quarters of Congress, hundreds of writers, thousands of military officers—this might have intimidated the citizenry a little.

The author's 680,000-odd includes only those executed. He grants that, taking all arrests into account, even on his own figures about 5 per cent of the adult male population fell into NKVD hands—and the percentage would, of course, have been larger in the cities. Stephen Cohen has pointed out that far lower rates of killing and arrest in certain Latin American countries have been shown to have caused mass fear.

Before considering that, it is worth looking at the provenance of the 681,692 execution figure. It was made available to a party commission in the Khrushchev period, at a time when the KGB was covering its tracks: for example, by falsifying the dates and causes of death of rehabilitated victims, to imply that they had died naturally in prison when they had actually been shot.

This figure seems to have attracted some unwary scholars by its exactness, as compared with the vaguer 1,750,000 given by representatives of the Russian Archives and of the Security Ministry, which the author rejects as not constituting "substantial documentation." But of course, under Soviet conditions, documented exactness was far from an indication of reliability. We have had all this before, with the falsified squeaky-clean exactness of the 1939 Census.

Thurston covers fairly the issuing of instructions to provinces and republics in July 1937 to arrest and execute a specified number of enemies of the people, tens of thousands in all; and he tells of requests by local authorities for permission to increase the figure, sometimes by as much as eightfold.

But Thurston argues that this type of terror receded early in 1938. He quotes, from the early months of that year, a number of speeches, documents, and instructions calling for more legality. However, he omits the almost simultaneous sending out, on January 31, 1938, of a new set of planned figures for arrests and executions, from Stalin to the local Party authorities (finally increased to thirty thousand for Ukraine)—just as in July 1937. His idea seems to be that the Terror lasted only a few months in 1937 and died down: operative, as against rhetorical, documents, thus tell the opposite story.

Thurston then argues that the Terror was largely confined to the intellectual and political elites, not much affecting ordinary people. To suggest that the slaughter of the intellectual elite hardly affects a population is anyhow a strange argument. The disappearance of some 1,500 writers surely had its impact on the population as a whole—if only in replacing comparatively independent voices with a dull pounding of conformity in the whole social background. But in any case the notion of any more than a comparative shortage of victims among the ordinary population is false. In this connection, Thurston raises, but does not pursue, one line of evidence that evidently troubles him—the lists, with occupations, of those shot in Leningrad in 1937 and 1938. The full text of the six-thousand-odd names of those shot there from August to September 1937 is now available (in *Leningradskii Martirolog*, No. 1). Taking the first ten and last ten pages, of 148 names, 51 are workers, 40 are peasants, 21 are office workers, 18 are without jobs, 6 are priests, 12 are of other professions.

His main themes are that the Terror of 1937–38 was not all that pervasive and that not many people felt much fear

It should be added that, of another random run of six hundred Leningrad victims, all but 23 were "non-Party" (some of these "former members of the Communist Party" until various dates, others until their arrest). Again, as against Thurston's questioning whether the charges in such cases were political: of the same run of six hundred, all but two were sentenced under Article 58, covering political crime.

IF one is writing about the Terror, it is surely necessary to familiarize oneself with the material. Examples of the contrary abound here. There is a reference to "the unidentified Litvin." M. I. Litvin, one of Yezhov's closest aides, was head of the NKVD's key Secret Political Department from May 1937 to January 1938, when he became NKVD chief in Leningrad. Similarly with E. G. Evdokimov: he is given here as one of those who survived. He didn't: he was shot with the whole Yezhov gang in 1940.

Thurston is even muddled about the fate of Yezhov himself, one of his leading characters. He notes Yezhov as present at a meeting of seniors before the Eighteenth Party Congress in March 1939, and can add only that he was arrested a few days later and, according to various sources, shot for "groundless repression" in July or some other date in 1940. In fact, we have long had the full documentation on his end: he was arrested on April 10, 1939, and shot on February 4, 1940. The accusation included illegal repression, but the main charges were of plotting to assassinate Stalin and of espionage for Britain and other countries.

The author gives much space to Ryutin, and to his famous anti-Stalin platform (describing it rather oddly as "virulent": in fact, given its Marxist–Leninist approach, its characterization of both the man and his dictatorship is hardly to be faulted). But of this major bugbear he can only conclude that, "sent to a labor camp, Ryutin survived until 1937 or 1938." In fact, he had been sent not to a labor camp, but to a "political isolator," and was brought back in the autumn of 1936 with a view to being put on public trial. In November, he signed a statement refusing to confess, and was shot in secret in January 1937, with other leading figures.

Such faults are, moreover, found in broader contexts. Thus, on the execution of Marshal Tukhachevsky and the other generals in June 1937, Thurston suggests, on the basis of vague rumors, that there was indeed a military plot against Stalin, even saying of one of the generals that "Putna was probably guilty of treason." Putna and the others were all fully rehabilitated nearly forty years ago, and more recent publication of interrogation and trial material shows that it was all a fake. In connection with this case, the author devotes several pages to the role of the White émigré General Skoblin, quoting from and approving a contemporary report in the London *Times* of his wife's trial in France which commented that the allegation that Skoblin himself (who had by

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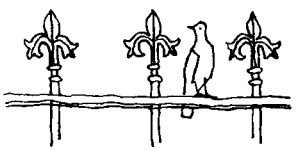
now disappeared) was a Soviet agent "was not substantiated." It has always been clear that he was indeed a Soviet agent: and this is now proved (*Moscow News*, December 22–28, 1995). Smuggled out to Spain, he was liquidated surreptitiously, so that his wife might think him still alive—a deception often practiced in the Soviet Union itself.

At every crux, something goes wrong with either Thurston's facts, or his interpretation, or both. The suicide or murder (officially heart attack) of Grigory Ordzhonikidze in February 1937 is a case in point. Thurston holds that Stalin "would not" have acted against an old and valued ally—not a good analysis in view of Stalin's record. But we have a number of testimonies to their mutual discontent at this stage, one of which Thurston himself quotes. Even more striking is what Stalin said in his speech to the crucial "February–March" 1937 plenum. Thurston quotes the published version of the speech at length, though even a quarter of a century ago I was able to write of it that it was "believed to differ considerably," chiefly by omission, from what he had actually said. This is now confirmed by the publication of the original text. In this, one major difference is an attack on Ordzhonikidze, which Stalin reverts to twice, blaming him for having kept his contact with his old anti-Stalinist comrade Lominadze secret from the Politburo—much the same offense as that of some of the 1936 "Trotskyites."



Thurston several times suggests that those who saw, and see, Stalin's hand in inflicting the Terror, and using it to consolidate a totalitarian order, believe him to have been following a "master plan," to have been the "cold mastermind of a plot to subdue the Party and the nation." Not at all: what was clear was that he had an unappeasable drive for power—a very different thing.

That many people in the Soviet Union afterward called the Terror the *Yezhovshchina*, and blamed it on Yezhov more than Stalin, is true. But Thurston, making this point, broadens it to the quite different claim that Yezhov may have actually been to some extent the prime mover. For example, he suggests that in the interrogation preceding the execution of Marshal Tukhachevsky and the generals, Stalin saw Yezhov almost daily—not to instruct him as to what to elicit from the accused (by torture), but to find out what he had "learned" from them!

Similarly, Thurston suggests that "it is possible that occasionally Stalin saw individual confessions." But we know he saw them—for example, between September 1936 and February 1937, he received sixty protocols of the interrogations of various suspects. Again, a striking document lately published in Moscow (*Rossiyskaya Gazeta*, January 26, 1996) gives an account by Lev Sheinin, Vyshinsky's deputy and his chief "investigator," of "Specially Important Cases." He describes the Bukharin investigation as taking place under Stalin's "direct control," and writes that Stalin "directly controlled the case in the smallest detail," giving daily instructions to Yezhov and Vyshinsky, and editing all the "documents." Another archival discovery printed with this shows Stalin's changes in the testimony of the accused, including severe editing of Bukharin's final speech before it went into its printed version.

That the author's charity extends to Andrei Vyshinsky is a bad sign and is based on a similar confusion. He argues that Vyshinsky restored legal norms and forms, insisting on trials, with evidence, as against his rival Krylenko's notions of uninhibited revolutionary justice. This is merely to repeat Vyshinsky's own argument at the time. It simply confuses form with substance. Vyshinsky did not advance the rule of law: he regularized the application of terror. Stalin was always much concerned with forms and appearances, as with the "most democratic constitution in the world," initiated in 1937, and "elections" conducted with mass meetings and mass polling (even though with only one candidate).

Vyshinsky's legalism did not extend to querying a request in February 1939 by Beria to sanction the arrests of Politburo members Postyshev and Chubar, who had actually been in custody since February 1938 and July 1938 respectively. But a mass of evidence has been published over the past forty years to show that Vyshinsky played a vicious role as a knowing accomplice in judicial murder. He is referred to several times in the trial documents published over the late Soviet years in the *Izvestia of the Central Committee*, for example backdating testimony, rewriting the reports of expert committees, and in general abetting falsifications. In addition, he formed, with Yezhov, a "*dvoika*" which sentenced hundreds without trials or hearings. He is also quoted time and again as ordering harsh treatment in a mass of minor cases.

The use of torture Thurston neither denies nor palliates. He does, however, suggest that "another indication that the NKVD did not always fabricate evidence is that physical intimidation was far from universal, even at the peak of the Terror." He cites a few cases, including Alexander Weissberg (who was in fact beaten as well as being subjected to interrogation without sleep for periods of up to a week—which he describes as "physical torture" and the pain as "excruciating").

In any case, Thurston holds that torture virtually ceased when Beria took over the NKVD late in 1938. This involves him in casting doubt on Stalin's January 1939 telegram insisting on its continued use. And, presumably, on the scores of accounts of torture employed on such prisoners as Meyerhold, continuing throughout the 1940s and 1950s, and culminating in the anti-Semitic cases of 1952 and 1953. It is true that fewer people were tortured, and that the frenzy of 1937–38 had eased off into routine. But when Thurston calls his post-Yezhov chapter "The Terror Ends," a more judicious way of putting it would be "The Superterror Ends: Normal Terror Resumes." More people were sent to the Gulag, and it had a larger population, in 1940 than in 1938. As to sheer general cruelty to innocent victims, we only have to read such memoirs as those of Anna Larina, Bukharin's recently deceased widow.

THUS our confidence is already shaken by the time we reach the book's main theme—that the Terror had no great effect on the population as a whole, and that what effect it had was not lasting. These are more intangible matters.

The author holds that in the first phase of the Terror, ordinary people saw it merely as a struggle within the ruling party, which was of little concern to them; but also, inconsistently, that they also believed that a threat to the country had been exposed. In answering the broader question, Thurston relies on a number of quotations, mainly from memoirs. It is to his credit that he cites the classic first-hand accounts of Na-

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dezhda Mandelstam, Weissberg, Berger, and others. Such records can be valuable if treated critically. They certainly show, what has never been doubted, that there was a stratum, mainly of younger beneficiaries of the regime, whose mentalities had been adjusted to seeing no evil, hearing no evil, and speaking no evil. They are more likely to have been members of the "New Class" than "ordinary" workers, peasants, or others, and, of course, survivors rather than victims. The ones he quotes show, he argues, that fear was not pervasive, and had little long-term effect. Sometimes his own evidence seems to tell rather against than for this view, as when one of his sources says that everyone he knew was frightened, though he himself was too young and indoctrinated to feel that way. Moreover, the author's selection of testimony is elsewhere highly problematical, as when he cites accounts of Poles welcoming the German invasion of 1939—which, if true at all, are quite evidently unrepresentative of the whole.

Thurston also points out, truly but irrelevantly, that, while criticism of the leadership was absolutely unthinkable, people were allowed, even incited, to speak up against junior officials—though when he extends this to "even members of the Central Committee," he gives an infelicitous example: workers are quoted in early 1938 as speaking up quite sharply about Central Committee member K. V. Ryndin. But the latter was shot early in February, and so must already have been a sitting target (and the story was told to regale the CC Plenum some weeks later!). It was always possible to discuss local or individual problems. What was out of the question was to signify any doubts about the regime's alleged triumphs or the policies or ideology of the state.

Thurston faults earlier writers on the Terror for not mentioning the simple pleasures still available to and engaged in by the population. We must all have historical works on our shelves which contain no mention of meals, but we assume that does not mean that the authors thought their characters went unfed. I suppose that even my own books implicitly convey that sexual intercourse did not cease, for even my "low" population-growth figures at least mean a minimum of several million copulations in 1937–38. But Thurston certainly does make it appear that we were wrong to take such matters for granted.

A clear sign of the purge penetrating the whole population is the fact that after arrests not only were there condemnatory mass meetings at the place of work, but children were required to denounce their parents publicly at school sessions; we have records of such meetings, replete with lengthy imputations against the whole family from the self-righteous leaders of the local Pioneers or Komsomol, which turn one's stomach to read even now.

ONE could read much of the material Thurston quotes and come to conclusions quite different from his. Indeed, there is something rather disarming in the author's frequent presenting of facts showing how inhuman the Terror was, sometimes even giving striking evidence against Stalin himself, and then arguing the opposite. Similarly, the individual accounts he presents as proof that the population as a whole was not deeply affected are often mixed in with material suggesting the contrary. He himself seems to be contradicting his own thesis, as when he speaks of "a society that had gone half mad." But he does not draw what would seem to be the necessary conclusion. Nor does he seem to understand that intense fear may be accompanied by submission, even denial.

It is certainly difficult for a Westerner to put himself in the place of a Soviet citizen. But it was an Englishman, who knew it all only by report, who introduced the word "doublethink" into our language. It was, he saw, possible simultaneously both to believe and to disbelieve, to accept and to resent. It was a matter not only of terror in the ordinary sense, but also of the absence of any voice but that of the state—pervasive, fortissimo, howling for blood. Nowadays, Russians often say how strange it was that Orwell understood where Western academics often failed: or (as one put it), "how much they know, how little they understand"—though it is clear that, in the case of some revisionists, knowledge as well as understanding is often defective.

In a sense, the author's data, by their very contradictions, reflect the profound distortion of mind that was central to the whole experience. The disjunction and its accompanying contradictions were due to the combination on the state's part of mass repression and sanctimoniousness, of the attempt simultaneously to inflict terror and to deny its existence. A lot of reading has gone into this book, and, together with errors, omissions, and misunderstandings, some interesting material has emerged. One symptom of galloping academitis is that earnest hard work, apparatuses of notes, and so forth are held to be sufficient proof of scholarship.

A final chapter gives us the "Acid Test"—the war in which Russian troops fought stoutly, after a few disasters. They did indeed. But as Stalin said to Harriman, they were fighting for Russia rather than for the regime. Vasily Grossman, like Pasternak, tells of soldiers who hope that their struggle will mean liberty from both despotisms.

Fighting well—the Germans fought well too—is thus not in itself a proof of "loyalty" to the Stalin regime, as Thurston suggests: though again, to be fair, he also cites a colonel who puts forward the Grossman–Pasternak view. But it seems that since either Hitler or Stalin was bound to win, one of them was bound to be validated.

On the other side of the coin, this was the first war in which a number of Russians joined the enemy. A recent article notes 1 Soviet lieutenant-general, 6 major-generals, 42 colonels, and so on, serving with the Germans (and totals of all ranks of about 630,000). Imagine that criterion applied to others—Poles, for example. Nor had anything like it happened in Russia's earlier history. And Thurston rather neglects, or writes off, the large anti-Soviet guerrilla forces in Ukraine, which (as Khrushchev said) fought against both Hitler and Stalin.

The conclusion seems to be that Russian (rather than Soviet) patriotism was usually the deciding factor, even if it meant accepting Stalin, but that hatred of the regime could often destroy even that. Here again the author does not exactly disagree with the facts, but omits them from his generalized point.

All the above may appear as using a steam hammer to crack a nut, but the author has gravitated to, and been adopted by, a fairly well-dug-in, and often tenured, sect; and his book is published by a reputable press—though I am understandably asked to differentiate it from the Yale research series on the USSR, which prints serious documentation. □

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The Road Back to God

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

FOR conservatives, the importance of Paul Johnson's new book is demonstrated not by comparing it to similar books—of which, by current writers, there are few—but by considering something apparently unrelated: the barely detectable conservative effort to fend off legalized gay marriage.

The Quest for God: A Personal Pilgrimage, by Paul Johnson (HarperCollins, 216 pp., $24)

As most of us sense, the real reason to oppose gay marriage is simply that God opposes it. In Leviticus, He warned the Israelites to shun the "practices" of the Egyptians and the Canaanites, if they wanted to avoid getting ejected from the Holy Land, and the Talmud records that one of those practices was to allow men to marry men and women to marry women. If not a Holy Land, America is, or at least once was, a holy land. Just as God watched the Israelites, He is watching us.

Given that the first principle of conservatism is the belief that "a divine intent rules society," as Russell Kirk put it, it is strange that on this issue we have heard little from the Right. On the *New York Times* op-ed page, Lisa Schiffren had the temerity to invoke "the Judaeo-Christian moral order" against gay marriage, though without mentioning God. To the extent that other conservatives have raised their voices, they have offered lame pragmatic arguments about the effects on straight marriage and on children raised by gay parents.

This is merely a symptom of a more pervasive shyness. Conservative politicians and intellectuals speak impressively about the need for a moral, even a religious revival in this country, and about their schemes to ignite such a revival, designated by such jargon terms as "communitarianism," "Victorian virtues," or "Civil Society." In fact they will expound on every possible catalyst but God Himself. Which is why, so far, our words have been in vain. As Rabbi Daniel Lapin points out, the most effective way to get other people to take God, and thus morality, seriously, is to talk about Him in a serious way yourself, in public. That we will not do.

To this rule, Mr. Johnson emerges as a welcome exception. His main point is that, although the history of the past century or so has been in large part the history of men trying to find substitutes for God, there is no satisfactory substitute: not because, as hedge-betting conservatives seem to think, inherently violent, chaotic man needs to believe in a fictitious Lord who will rein in his evil impulse; but because God lives. Johnson recalls a chilling conversation he overheard between a journalist and an Oxford philosopher. The journalist had invoked the "sanctity of life" and the philosopher had asked her to "Prove it to me. *Why* should human life be sacred?" A "number of beliefs to do with behavior and morality and civilization" which we consider self-evident today, writes Johnson, may not seem self-evident as the next millennium progresses. That self-evidence needs to be re-established, and the useful-fiction God favored by media-friendly moralists can provide no help in re-establishing it.

Once the decision has been made to talk about God as a living entity, what does one say about Him? Johnson has several good ideas. He tries to clear away some of the rubble that has been thrown down in the street on the way to God.

Take the problem of theodicy, of justifying God's goodness despite the worldly triumph of evil. This is a tough challenge, to which Johnson offers an appealingly modest answer: "Our understanding, compared to God's infinite knowledge and wisdom, is so puny that it seems to me hazardous to set ourselves up in judgment over God's righteousness. . . . I am content to believe that no one who innocently suffers here on Earth will be without full and ample recompense in Heaven."

Johnson himself came to God because he was properly educated on the subject: above all by his father, a sturdy English Catholic who taught art and who taught his young son that we can know God through His works. Johnson became an amateur artist himself and when, with great effort, he had mastered the challenge of drawing trees, the accomplishment had a spiritual reward: "at long last I began to understand how God designed them, and how it was their functional efficiency which made them works of natural art."

But those who cannot draw need not despair. As a route to the experience of transcendence, Johnson recommends prayer, and includes an inspiring summons to pray daily, especially the Psalms. Imagine that: a conservative intellectual advocating prayer for adults.

Throughout, Johnson writes with his usual stout, unapologetic relish, with a clarity and a concreteness that never fail to please or to inform. Anyone who has a hard time understanding why a man would love God, or love an institution devoted to God, should read this book. In a beautiful image, Johnson pictures God as a Being so devoted to His creation that the fate even of a blade of grass concerns him.

The most effective way to get other people to take God, and thus morality, seriously, is to talk about Him seriously, and in public, yourself

As for the church in which Johnson learned to worship this Deity, his affection toward it could not be more warmly expressed. He comes from a part of England, north Lancashire, that never went Protestant, so Catholicism for him is an exceedingly old family possession, like "a much-loved old teddy bear or a favorite armchair or a smelly old favorite dog." He is not one of those Catholics who think their church evacuated its history and calling at Vatican II. What matters most to him remains firmly in place:

> The sheer mechanical activity of the liturgy, its endless whirring and clattering, its muttering and singing and chanting, its tinkling and incensing, provides a wonderful and, if we stop to ponder a second, meaningful support and daily nourishment for our spiritual life. It baptizes us into the church, it punctuates our days throughout our life, it confirms us and marries us, and,

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eventually, it buries us. I could not do without it, and I rejoice that I am part of an immense multitude of a billion believers who cannot do without it either.

Sometimes Johnson's relish gets out of hand, especially on the subject of Hell, which he speculates about with a pleasure and confidence in his hunches and instincts that are justified neither by what we know from any revealed text nor by what we know about God, who is the definition of justice but also of benevolence. Johnson will, for example, state authoritatively that if anyone is in Hell, it is Promethean artists like Beethoven, Picasso, and Matisse.

The problem with *The Quest for God* has to do with this enthusiasm for imagining things beyond the scope of revelation. There is a flaw in fundamentalism, which asserts that individuals can read the Bible and determine on their own the meaning of that highly mysterious work. The Bible does not present itself as a straightforward instruction manual. Like the Constitution, whose concepts and vocabulary emerged from English law, it requires a tradition to help us understand what it means. That is why Roman Catholics, like Jews, depend on an ancient oral tradition which they believe explains Scripture and bears the authority of revelation. Johnson notes this concept, which Roman Catholics call the *magisterium*, and accepts it.

But for someone who prides himself on his orthodoxy, he is a little too eager to think matters out on his own. He calls for female priests, and for vegetarianism. Of the latter he predicts that we will all one day regard eating meat as "no more acceptable than cannibalism." Less silly, but more dangerous, are his thoughts on Biblical authorship: "the Scriptures were written by men (and sometimes by women). Yes: I know we are taught they are divinely inspired: 'So have I heard and do in part believe,' as Horatio says in *Hamlet*. It may be that God indicated what was to be put down, and the writer placed his own construction on it." Johnson speaks of the "authors of Genesis."

Our pride in modern scholarship urges us otherwise, but on this point the fundamentalists must have it right. If we cannot trust that what ancient holy texts say God said, He really did say, then we lack a crucial basis for belief in Him. How credible is a God who plants a vague "inspiration" in the mind of some pious man but then leaves it to chance to ensure a) that the man will correctly transcribe the content of that inspiration, and b) that, if the man gets it right, future generations will not fool around with the words so that divine instructions become hopelessly lost among human imaginings?

It was, after all, the first "higher critic" of the Bible, Baruch Spinoza—excommunicated by the Amsterdam rabbis in 1656—who started the West down the road at the end of which we find ourselves today, the road to secularism and disbelief that makes Paul Johnson's book an important event. It is a signpost on the road back to God. □

SPORT

Lively Ghosts of Wimbledon

JEFFREY HART

ON June 30, 1937, a phone call came from Berlin. At first Baron Gottfried von Cramm decided not to take it. After all, he and the American Don Budge were about to leave the locker room and walk out to Wimbledon's Centre Court to play the fifth and deciding Davis Cup match, Germany versus the United States (the winning team was expected to defeat the British, the defending champions). Then the Baron changed his mind. Wondering about the call might just distract him. He went to the phone.

Adolf Hitler was on the line. The Baron was a conspicuous despiser of his regime, but Hitler offered warm encouragement anyway. Of course Hitler knew that if Cramm won, the Davis Cup would go to Germany. The 1938 matches, in Berlin, would be a Nazi extravaganza, swastikas all over the place, strength through joy.

Cramm listened and finally signed off politely. "*Ja, mein Führer*," Budge heard him say.

Cramm was an Adonis from an old family, and had been a tennis child prodigy. He had played often with King Gustavus of Sweden. The top Nazis certainly differed dramatically from their own Nordic ideal—think of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Eichmann—but Cramm epitomized it. He was six feet tall, handsome and blond, and had cold blue eyes. Don Budge was as American as Cramm was German. No rival to Cramm in looks, he was a tall, homely, slope-shouldered, freckly redhead from Oakland. A precocious child player, he had come up through the famous Perry Jones system in California, which taught good behavior as well as good tennis.

When Cramm finished talking with Hitler, he and Budge walked together to the Centre Court and into the history of both tennis and sportsmanship. Walter Pate, the American captain, said that no other man living or dead could have beaten either player that day.

Very few things have changed at Wimbledon since Budge played Cramm that day in June. There is a second honored entrance now, the Perry Gates, in addition to the old Doherty Gates—a nice symbol of the continuity between past and present. When you enter through the Perry Gates you encounter a very good life-sized statue of Fred Perry, the last world-champion male player whom England produced.

It is good to think of Perry here today, along with the Dohertys. Between 1897 and 1906 the great Doherty brothers, Laurie and Reggie, turned Wimbledon into an international event. They were so good that fine players flocked from abroad to challenge them on their home turf.

It is difficult now to say just how good in modern terms the players of that distant era really were. Yet we know that Bill Tilden, at fifty, could still press Budge, 22 years his junior; that R. N. Williams, who almost went down with the *Titanic* in 1912, took a famous 6–0 set from Tilden; that Maurice McLaughlin was marvelous, and so back before the Great War and almost to the Dohertys. My guess is that the old players were terrific. And now they gaze down at us from their old black-and-white photographs. Some of them have mustaches and striped cricket caps. They all wear white trousers, either linen or sharkskin, and they have those oddly shaped rackets: Norman Brookes,

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Dwight Davis, Richard Sears, the famous Renshaw brothers, Bill Larned, and maybe most hauntingly of all the great Anthony Wilding, killed on the Western Front in 1916. Wimbledon is full of ghosts.

As we walk through the Perry Gates or the Doherty Gates, nothing really essential will have changed. The Royal Box will be crowded. The Centre Court and the adjacent grandstand will look old-fashioned. The crowds will be festive and orderly. Above all, the players must wear "largely white," and there is still the grass—and always will be. The prestige of Wimbledon remains so great that, unlike the U.S. Championships —formerly at Forest Hills, now at the disastrous Flushing Meadows—the Wimbledon tournament can hold the line on white, and on grass courts.

The issue of grass is an important one. Grass is not only more pleasant on the eyes and feet but makes for a different and subtler tennis. Because of its texture, spins of different kinds matter more. So do changes of pace and a subtle, soft-angled shot. Wimbledon will always have its grass tournament, because without the grass it wouldn't be Wimbledon any more.

NOT many pounds sterling had been bet on Baron von Cramm when he faced Don Budge that sunny afternoon on the Centre Court, a light wind blowing. A consensus held that Budge was unbeatable on grass.

There had been an immense improvement in Budge's game since the 1936 season, and here we have an important point to notice. Budge had taken five months off to make changes in his shots. In January 1937, he had noticed how Fred Perry achieved power and forward court position by taking the ball on the rise, just six or eight inches after its bounce. Today, for touring professionals, scheduled year round all over the globe, there is no such thing as months off. But during the winter of 1937, Budge went home to California to work at hitting the ball on the rise. He had always been powerful, but when he perfected that technique he could be overwhelming.

I use the word "powerful" to describe Budge, and will offer a personal anecdote to illustrate it. One summer around 1950 I ran into Budge in the pro shop at Forest Hills. He had always played with a heavier racket than anyone else used, and here he was with his big bat in a vise, and he was attaching lead strips to its head. "Why the lead, Don?" I asked. His forearm with its reddish freckles was about as big as my leg. "It puts punch in my volley," he replied.

When he walked onto the Centre Court with Cramm, Budge had made himself into one of the greatest players who ever lived. But Cramm sprang a huge surprise. He had one of those days

When Cramm finished talking to Hitler, he and Budge walked together to the Centre Court

when there seems to be magic in the racket. He had always played close to the lines, and that day everything seemed to go in. His deep hard strokes kept Budge back. He even abused Budge's tremendous serve. Budge later wrote:

> I held up new balls and showed them to Cramm across the net. Right away I smashed a beauty at him. It clicked right in. I never touched his return. I moved over and hit another beautiful first serve. I never touched his return. I hit my fourth straight beautiful first serve. As a matter of fact, the only thing I hit in the game were beautiful first serves.

Cramm took the first set 8–6, then the second set 7–5.

Budge dug in and won the third set 6–4, and then, after he had broken Cramm's serve early, ran out the fourth set 6–2. But Budge knew that Cramm was in perfect shape and hardly ever lost a fifth set.

In that set, Cramm jumped off to a 4–1 lead, and Budge decided to take some risks; he reached back to his months of practice at taking the ball on the rise. Cramm had a fast first serve and, when he missed it, a high-kicking second serve. When he had a chance at that second serve, Budge moved up several paces, took it on the rise, hit the spin off the ball, and went to the net. He broke Cramm and pulled up to 4–2, won his own serve for 4–3, and broke Cramm again for 4 all. Eventually, Budge went up 7–6 on another break and served for the match.

After 18 points in that game, including four match points, Budge hit a hard forehand to Cramm, who took it on his forehand and drove it sharply cross-court. Running at full speed Budge felt himself falling as he hit the ball. Cramm had come to the net, and Budge, lying on his chest, saw the ball fly past Cramm's outstretched racket. It went through a space about a foot wide, but lying there Budge could not see whether it had landed good. He waited for the linesman's call, but first, "I heard the cheers begin to swell. They were different cheers. The ball had landed miraculously but perfectly in the corner."

The Baron had to wait at the net for Budge to get up. "Don," he said calmly, "this was absolutely the finest match I have ever played in my life. I'm happy I played it against you, whom I like so much."

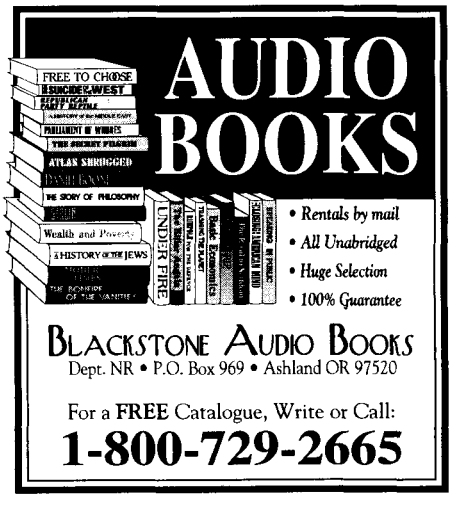
Budge recalls that at 9 that night "I was shocked because there were still thousands of people clustered together all over the stadium. They did not seem to be ready to leave."

As expected, in 1937 the Davis Cup came home to America, its place of origin, ten years after America had lost it to the French in 1927, when Cochet and Lacoste defeated Bill Johnston and an aging Tilden.

Baron von Cramm and Ken Rosewall were the greatest players never to win Wimbledon. The Baron knew many of the conspirators in the July 1944 bomb plot to assassinate Hitler. He may even have been involved in the plot. He died in Cairo on November 8, 1976.

Don Budge damaged his shoulder playing exhibitions during World War II, but still played magnificently after the war. He was successful in business, and today is both august in manner and straightforward in his opinions.

This year, as always, he will be at the Centre Court Wimbledon, the most revered of living tennis champions. □



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FILM

Bernardo Bertolucci's Bottles

JOHN SIMON

IN 1972, well before its commercial release, Pauline Kael pronounced Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* the film that made "the strongest impression on me in almost twenty years of reviewing. This must be the most powerfully erotic movie ever made, and it may turn out the most liberating," she wrote. "People will be arguing about it, I think, for as long as there are movies." When did you last hear people arguing about *Last Tango*? If it is remembered at all, it is for Marlon Brando's use of a stick of butter to bugger Maria Schneider with.

From his first feature, *The Grim Reaper*, and first *succès d'estime*, *Before the Revolution*, Bertolucci looked to me like a three-lira bill. There was less to his films than met the eye, and much less than warranted the ooze of ohs and ahs. To be sure, he has carried pretentiousness to new heights, remotely basing his films on prestigious writers' fictions: *Before the Revolution* on Stendhal, the nonsensical *Partner* on Dostoyevsky, the equally impenetrable *The Spider's Stratagem* on Borges (who told me he had never heard of this movie that proudly displayed his name), *The Conformist* on Moravia, *The Sheltering Sky* on Paul Bowles (though, as David Thomson remarked, "he hardly seemed to notice the terrible darkness waiting beyond Paul Bowles's bright sky").

Of all these, *The Conformist*, which bore some resemblance to its source, was the best. Other films which Bertolucci, sometimes with collaborators, wrote himself were worse; thus *Luna* and *Little Buddha*, two of the biggest crocks made by an allegedly major filmmaker. *The Last Emperor* did have some merit, partly because of the exotic and picturesque milieu, and partly because Bertolucci, like some other perennial amateurs, knows how to pick the right camera man to do most of his work for him. For a long time, it was Vittorio Storaro; in the current film, it is Darius Khondji (*Before the Rain*, *Seven*).

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

What characterizes the work of this Marxist (or ex-Marxist) attitudinizer who has always been a solid bourgeois is a certain rivenness, an unsureness that often amounts to hysteria. As Robin Wood noted, "The split is not merely thematic (hence under the artist's control): it manifests itself at every level of his filmmaking." I am all for complexity and ambiguity, for raising difficult questions rather than disbursing easy answers, but I am not for nudging us toward sleazy revelations and then evading them. With hardly any exception, Bertolucci's films hint at, hover around, or briefly dip into homosexuality and lesbianism, but this ostensibly heterosexual filmmaker making purportedly heterosexual films has never faced the issue squarely.

Stealing Beauty, from a story by Bertolucci, was written by the American novelist Susan Minot, who spent 18 months on it in Italy with the director, though the sketchy, haphazard end result suggests something more like 18 days. It is one of those films called Chekhovian, a term that is sadly turning into a euphemism for boring. An English couple, Ian and Diana Grayson, inhabits a sprawling, romantic hilltop villa in the Chianti country between Florence and Siena. He is a sculptor; she is a homemaker, and in twenty years has turned their home into a museum. Not only are Ian's sculptures and drawings (the undistinguished work of Stephen Spender's son, Martin) all over the place, but also every conceivable artifact and object *di virtù* litters every nook and cranny, and most of the space in between.

Outside, there are painterly Tuscan landscapes for the camera to scan day and night. Inside, there are equally colorful house guests: Alex, a minor British playwright, is genteelly awaiting imminent death from cancer; Richard, a married American show-biz lawyer, is alternatingly copulating and quarreling with his likewise married girlfriend, Miranda, the Graysons' elder daughter, a jewelry designer. Christopher, her husband, is traveling about with his companion, Niccolò; midway into the film, they return.

"Those naughty boys," says Diana. "I'm sure they are being very naughty."

"I'm sure," retorts Miranda, "they've gone beyond naughty by now."

Noemi, an attractive middle-aged lonelyhearts columnist, is carrying on with a much younger fellow, and is furious when he makes her read Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*, where such an affair ends badly. M. Guillaume appears to be Ian's powerful former art dealer; now old, he lounges about forlornly, uttering portentously vacuous aperçus in French, e.g., "There is no love; there are only proofs of love." Also around is a neighboring landowner and lecher, Carlo, whose son is Noemi's lover. Whether I have got all these relationships right is doubtful: of the three reviews of the film I have read, two got some of them wrong, the third confessed to total confusion. Blame Bertolucci's sloppiness.

Finally, though, it all centers on 19-year-old Lucy, a visitor from America. Still—and given her background, highly improbably—a virgin, she has come to the villa on a dual mission: to revisit the boy who gave her her first kiss five years ago, and to find out more about her dead mother, who spent much time here and may have conceived her by a man other than her husband. Mother, we are told wholly without irony by Alex, "was the best-dressed poet, writing transporting little verses between fashion shoots." In America, she married a poet five inches shorter than herself—the kind of meaningless detail Bertolucci likes to regale us with.

Lucy is very pretty and becomes the cynosure not only of the aforementioned characters, but also of several faceless and epicene young men who also loiter about. Wherever she looks, someone is poking someone of the opposite or same sex, and she is disturbed: "You're in need of a ravisher," Alex opines, sagely. There is nude bathing and sunbathing at the pool, pseudo-sophisticated badinage everywhere ("We've become a nation of monologists," or "Let us bring up the rear, like Turgenev's poor Rakitin"), and one close call after another for Lucy's

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hymen. But the girl always bristles and runs. There is also one very shy, dark, and introverted youth who considers Lucy "plastic," but seems to have been the one who actually wrote her some lyrical letters. (Guess what his role will be.)

Perversion lurks around the corners. Richard and Miranda are glimpsed falling to sadomasochistic sex. At the annual summer ball at a nearby spectacular palazzo and grounds, orgiasts are everywhere. As Lucy is dancing with Carlo, a woman comes along, squats, and pees, asserting that this is what Carlo really likes. Lucy even takes a snaggle-toothed young Brit home with her, but then insists on separate beds. Oddest, however, is a narcissistic episode before a mirror, triangular in cross-section, that runs along an entire wall in Lucy's room as a kind of dado. Richard gets down on all fours before it, has Lucy do so next to him; then he licks his image in the mirror and has the delighted Lucy follow suit. In between such incidents, she conducts coy colloquies, meant to be soul-searching, with her elders.

In due time, Lucy finds out what an olive grove looks like; what death means, as the aptly epigrammatizing Alex is carted off to the hospital; who her real father is; and how it feels to have sex. One is sorry for the decent actors—Donal McCann, Sinead Cusack, Carlo Cecchi, Stefania Sandrelli—mired in this smutty-adolescent stew. And even for the less decent ones, such as Jean Marais, whom one is glad to see still alive and handsome, even if made to spout nonsense; and Jeremy Irons, insufferably mannered though he has become. D. W. Moffett (Richard) and Rachel Weisz (Miranda) pretty much deserve what they get, as do the shadowy young men flitting about.

As Lucy, there is Liv Tyler, who does have something, although it may not be acting talent. Tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, heavy-lidded, and sensually thick-lipped, this sexy 18-year-old daughter of a rock star and an ex-model is well on her way to stardom. But she has yet to be in a movie that offers her a chance to act, instead of merely surrounding her with unwholesome, aestheticizing innuendo that strains to elevate indeterminacy into significance.

Years ago, Bertolucci said in an interview with Joseph Gelmis, "Giorgio Morandi painted bottles all the time. . . . And there are some directors who make always the same film. And poets who write always the same poem. This to me is very beautiful. Because the robins sing always the same song." Alas, obsessions are not all of the same value. The bullfrog may be just as obsessive in his song as the robin in his, but they are hardly equivalent. Morandi's bottles (and cups and salad bowls) came only after he had proved his mastery with superb landscapes. And still-lifes—think Chardin, think Cézanne—are something more forthright and ecumenical than smirking allusions to homosexuality and self-indulgent oglings of perversion as, for instance, in this scene from *1900*, as described by David Shipman:

> There is a wedding ceremony during which the aristocratic Amelia (Laura Betti) shouts four-letter words before rushing off to the woodshed where she performs fellatio on the Fascist Attila (Donald Sutherland): discovered by a small boy, he and then *she* sodomize him before killing him by swinging him by his legs so that his head is crushed by the four walls—for which the rich young man allows his best friend to be blamed, despite his being miles away at the time.

The director pretends to be making a moral statement—this is how evil the Fascists were—but is really reveling in pathology. Bertolucci's Marxism was no more committed than his present dilettantism; politics was always merely an excuse for perverse suggestiveness.

Yet even this is never honest. Bertolucci keeps teasing you, in small matters as in large. Thus, in a bathtub scene in *Stealing Beauty*, he displays Liv Tyler's right breast: later, as she poses for Ian (whose final portrait of her is totally different), Bertolucci has her baring her left breast. In the film's penultimate scene of grunting sex, he carefully reveals nothing; it's all a nasty tease. Morandi's bottles are a wholly different matter as, with the passing years, the painter kept stripping them down more and more toward their essence. If Bertolucci is a master of anything, it is of the inessential. □

SOUND ON DISC

Before, During, After Baroque

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE oboe, some frustrated commentator once remarked, is "an ill wind that nobody blows good." But the lively baroque oboe is different from the hauntingly mournful instrument you hear, let us say, in Mahler's works. Six Vivaldi oboe concertos, beautifully played for Sony by Hansjorg Schellenberger and the Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra, are evidence of this, for they swing beyond the contemporary instrument's lonesome tones. The baroque, which for all too many listeners is associated solely with Johann Sebastian Bach, was a music of high optimism, even at its most solemn.

■ *Gateway to Classical Music*, a valuable eight-disc survey issued by EMI Classics, focuses in its *Baroque Era* disc not only on Bach but on Corelli, Purcell, Scarlatti, and Vivaldi. This disc offers a brief anthology of the music of that period, performed by a variety of musicians and singers out of EMI's extensive archives. Meanwhile the survey's *Early Music* disc presents selections from a period in music and in history, the Renaissance, which is too often approached in superficial terms. The Dark Ages were hardly as dark as pop history tells us, but the Renaissance was an unparalleled burst of intellectual energy and a liberation of the human spirit.

In music, the great flowering came from the Church, which brought religious passion and ecstasy to the contemplative chant named after Pope Gregory—and this musical heightening moved from the sacred to the secular. This is a truly superlative collection, including Tomás Luis de Victoria's *O Magnum mysterium*, Palestrina's *Hodie Christus natus est*, liturgical works by Machaut and Dufay, and non-religious works including those of Gabrieli, Monteverdi, and Frescobaldi, the great organist and improviser. *Utopia Triumphans: The Great Polyphony of the Renais-*

Mr. Toledano is the author of Frontiers of Jazz *and many other books.*

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sance, sensitively performed by Paul Van Nevel and the excellent Huelgas Ensemble, is Sony's contribution to the unbuttoning of this great period in liturgical music, including Gabrieli's *Exaudim Domine*, Josquin De Prés's *Qui habitat*, and works by other composers.

■ It is hardly necessary to note that composers and musicians do not, at a specific date, change from one style to another. One period blends into the next; but the delimitation has its uses. Mozart and Haydn are "classical"—and Beethoven is a bridge from the "classical" to the "romantic." That Beethoven pushed musical expression beyond that of the classicists is a fact, and his Symphony No. 9 in D Minor presents a case in point. The choral section is what future critics would call a *genre tranché*, forging the post-classical symphony into the post-classical cantata. But Beethoven's massive conjugation of a host of orchestral musicians—the largest up to his time—added little to the literature of developing music. It is hardly my favorite Beethoven work. But you can have it resplendently recorded on an EMI VHS video cassette, as performed by Otto Klemperer and the New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus.

Klemperer was not physically up to par at the recording of the Ninth for EMI, sitting throughout the session, but as always his conducting was faithful and foursquare, with no vapors about it—an approach that looked to the composer's intent and not to the baton waver's vagaries.

■ *A Life in Music*, Sony has entitled its great series of Isaac Stern reissues on CD. And this is as it should be. Stern is the greatest violinist of our time, in technique and in musical understanding. During his career he has played all manner of music with all manner of musical groups. Now Sony brings us Isaac Stern with Eugene Ormandy, the great conductor of the great Philadelphia Orchestra, in a traversal of the Tchaikovsky Concerto in D Major and the Sibelius Concerto in D Minor. Stern can be as gloriously romantic with Tchaikovsky as he is rigorous with Bach. He can also lift Sibelius out of the tundra and give the score a shot of adrenalin.

■ *Gottse danken*, as they used to say in New York's Yiddish agora, jazz remains with us—and those who love and believe in it continue to draw from its great storehouse. And so I call to your attention two new CDs issued by Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab. First and foremost, there is *Ella and Louis Again*, a two-record set which brings together Louis Armstrong—along with Jelly Roll Morton and Sidney Bechet a major contributor to the development of jazz—and the recently departed Ella Fitzgerald, among the best of jazz singers. Armstrong's trumpet is little in evidence on these recordings—but then, his singing always reflected the phrasing and intonation of his horn. Miss Fitzgerald's clean and lyric voice brought emotion and artistry into the traversal of the songs that were drawn into jazz—and here you can rejoice in the nostalgia of such melodies as "These Foolish Things," "Ill Wind," "Love Is Here to Stay," "Autumn in New York," "I've Got My Love," and others that once nourished us.

Also among these Mobile Fidelity reissues we have Billie Holiday and *Body and Soul*. Some of us heard her, standing before the baby spots at Cafe Society, where she gave us "Strange Fruit," "Billie's Blues," and some of the great songs she had been recording with Teddy Wilson. Miss Holiday was a great talent, with a voice and delivery that, like Bessie Smith's, reflected the joy and anguish of her heritage. In the end, drugs and the ministrations of her political friends got her down—but she was one of the originals of jazz. On this recording, she was relaxed and borne by her artistry. It is worth more than the price of admission. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Stalin, by Edvard Radzinsky (Doubleday, 560 pp., $30)

NOBODY before Stalin had ever killed so many of his own people. Never apologize, never explain, was Stalin's own guiding rule, and his career will probably always remain too sinister to be entirely grasped. He allowed no glimpse of the man beneath the monster. Legends inevitably accrued. Some of these are open to examination, and Mr. Radzinsky, a popular Russian journalist and writer, does as much as can be done through archives and interviews of surviving witnesses. Confusions about Stalin's actual date of birth, his possible illegitimate brother, his wife's suicide, and much else of the sort have been resolved. All his life he wrote to his mother in his native Georgian; this was as close as he could come to human sentiment. The pursuit of power for its own sake was his overriding motive. Radzinsky gives a fairly conventional account of Stalin's calculated self-transformation from revolutionary into dictator. Terror was one among other useful implements. Far from infallible, he made shattering blunders—especially in his handling of Germany and Hitler, which made world war a certainty. In the end, terrified would-be successors apparently left him to die in a way tantamount to killing him off. This book is highly readable but the last word remains as elusive as ever. —David Pryce-Jones

The Hand of God: A Journey from Death to Life, by Bernard N. Nathanson, MD (Regnery, 208 pp., $24.95)

DR. Bernard Nathanson, a New York obstetrician and gynecologist, was once a well-known abortionist and legalization activist (he co-founded NARAL, the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws). In his 1979 book, *Aborting America*, he admitted that after years in the "business" he was almost thoroughly disillusioned; he has since become an ardent pro-life spokesman. His new book is remarkable: written in the season of his "hope that I shall soon be received into the Catholic Church," it is many things and all of them interesting: a partial autobiography and spiritual memoir in which Nathanson reveals his anguish over his past actions, his quest to understand them in the light of his (very troubled) youth and relationship with his father, and his journey toward a God Who responds to "the purest need I have ever known"; a historical look at the early days of legalized abortion in New York; and discussions of the medical and philosophical dimensions of some new hurdles facing the pro-life forces today—abortion drugs, fetal experimentation, and euthanasia. *The Hand of God* is a commanding read because Nathanson knows his subjects—the abortion culture and his own, regretted, contribution to it—all too well.

—Maria McFadden

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FEITH

(Continued from page 41)

ment" against chemical weapons in principle, it would be better to do so unilaterally than through ratification of an unverifiable and ineffective treaty. That way, if circumstances justified maintaining our renunciation, we could do so. If it were necessary in the future to alter our unilateral policy so as to maximize the disincentive for anyone to use chemical weapons against us or our allies, we could do that instead.

Rather than impose on our government, industry, and people the costs and constraints of the CWC, U.S. officials could more constructively direct their energies to devising means to enforce the existing ban on chemical-weapons use, the Geneva Protocol. This would be a worthy arms-control initiative. The ban on use makes much more sense than a ban on possession. It is inherently easier to verify because there is a victim, who has incentives to prove the violation to the world. It does not require elaborate, bureaucratized verification measures. And there should be greater general outrage in the world, and therefore a stronger political basis for punishing violations of a treaty that bans use than of one that bans stockpiling. No approaches to enforcing the Geneva Protocol, however, have ever been agreed upon in advance. Our policymakers and diplomats should attend to this, proposing methods, for example, by which the assets abroad of violators of the Protocol could be seized to satisfy victims' claims as adjudicated in an appropriate forum.

Aside from not accomplishing its purpose, the CWC would do various types of harm. It would impose substantial administrative burdens on industry, and not just the chemical industry. The new international bureaucracy created by the treaty would be expensive. Less obvious but even more important is the harm done by false advertising.

Questions of honesty aside (and honesty on the part of governments is more important, especially in the field of national security, than many people realize), the CWC's putative benefits will tend to reduce concern about a problem that deserves *increased* concern. Reduced concern translates into reduced investment by us and other law-abiding states in programs for countering the threat. Chemical weapons are most useful against targets that are not well defended. So, the fewer resources devoted to defense, the greater the incentive for outlaw states to employ chemical weapons.

A clear view of the unhappy realities in this area should lead us to invest in such things as protective gear, detection equipment, and medical-treatment capabilities—not to mention active measures such as methods of intercepting missiles that could carry chemical warheads. This would affect the cost-benefit calculations of potential users of chemical weapons so as to discourage use. U.S. ratification of the CWC, however, would have the opposite effect, and thus, despite the good intentions of many of those who produced the treaty, create conditions that would make chemical warfare more rather than less likely.

The world does not need a large, new international bureaucracy under the CWC supervising an ineffective and costly inspection regime. What it needs is for the civilized powers to muster the will to agree on penalties for states that violate existing law against chemical-weapons use. The CWC makes complex new law when proper enforcement of the simple old law would accomplish much more. If we want to use law as a weapon against chemical weapons, we should reject the CWC and shore up the Geneva Protocol. □

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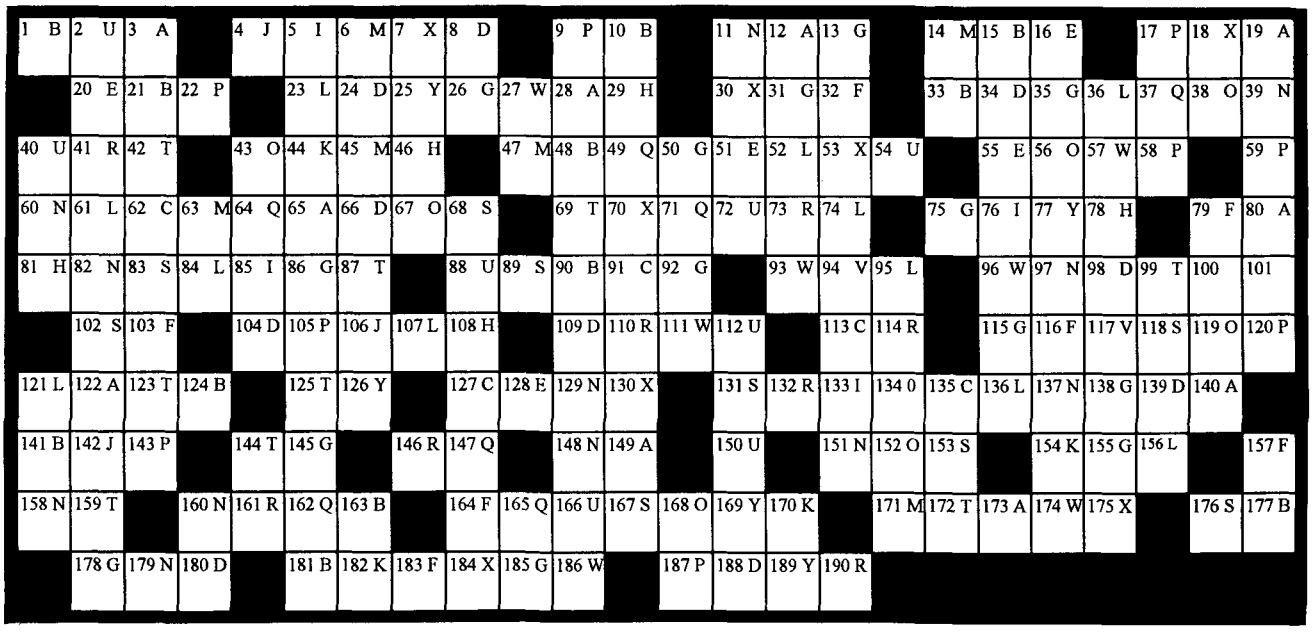
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. Heroine of Longfellow epic verse — 149 80 173 122 28 140 65 12 19 3

B. TV forum for politicians (3 words) — 181 21 163 177 1 15 48 33 90 124 10 / 141

C. Precious hardwood — 135 113 91 62 127

D. European banking dynasty — 34 109 104 24 180 139 98 66 188 8

E. What the darlings in the press gallery do at sight of Bill and Hill — 20 55 16 128 51

F. Charnel house — 79 103 32 116 164 183 157

G. Inertial principle, to an engineer (3 words) — 138 35 86 145 26 155 13 50 178 92 115 / 31 100 185 75

H. What frustrated DAs would like to put in sentencing laws — 46 81 108 78 29

I. Horse's ungula — 76 5 85 133

J. She-lamb — 106 4 142

K. Sailor's hail — 154 44 182 170

L. Malory's tale of Camelot (3 words, French) — 74 61 107 36 52 156 121 136 23 95 84

M. William Wallace led the Scots against this English tyrant — 63 171 14 45 6 47

N. Hardy well-being (2 words) — 82 158 148 129 39 60 11 97 137 151 179 / 160

O. Conditional stipulation (3 words) — 152 134 168 67 101 43 56 119 38

P. Unauthorized exam aid — 17 120 9 187 59 105 22 143 58

Q. Exonerate — 49 64 71 147 165 162 37

R. 1987 Hackman/ Costner thriller (3 words) — 110 41 190 161 114 73 132 146

S. Hero of Wagner's *Ring* — 131 176 167 83 118 89 102 153 68

T. Paramour — 69 99 42 123 159 125 144 87 172

U. Paroxysm of laughter and weeping — 2 112 54 72 88 166 40 150

V. Pertaining or belonging to — 94 117

W. Brahms's "Guten Abend, Gute Nacht," for instance — 111 27 174 186 57 96 93

X. Disinterested well-doer — 18 7 175 130 70 30 53 184

Y. Rock star's traveling stage hand — 25 189 77 169 126

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and the title (or topic) of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definition on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. BURKE: *Self-Government in America*: "The evil arising from hence is this: that the colonists having once found the possibility of enjoying the advantages of order in the midst of a struggle for liberty, such struggles will not henceforward seem so terrible to the settled and sober part of mankind as they had appeared before the trial."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

The Kemp Manifesto

NEW YORK, JUNE 21

The movements of Jack Kemp are always worth watching. For many years he was dismissed as a football jock who had stumbled onto Adam Smith and remained starstruck. But after a few terms in the House of Representatives he won grudging admiration, in part because of his comprehensive grasp of the economic scene, in part because of his rhetorical fluency. Ronald Reagan aside, it has been for many years Jack Kemp who has had the ability to ignite enthusiasm in those whom he addresses.

Kemp's political judgment, however, has never been very good. It is generally agreed by specialists that he could have defeated Governor Cuomo the second time around in 1986 and that if he had done so he'd have been perfectly placed to bid for the presidential nomination in 1988. He gave up his congressional seat to contend for the presidential nomination and, for reasons unknown and unknowable, left his legal residence in New York in favor of Maryland, where he lived while serving as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development for President Bush. If he had stayed in New York he'd have been nominated for governor, would have defeated Mr. Cuomo, and would almost certainly be the candidate for President at the moment.

But his political prescriptions have always been sound, and this week he published in the *Wall Street Journal* a manifesto of sorts. In it he made an unusual proposal.

But first, the launch. Mr. Kemp argues that the country is wearing itself out with the partisanship that is built into existing economic policies. This is likely to go on with the rough division we have got used to. The Democrats are associated with welfare, the Republicans with tax reform. They argue but without a common vocabulary, says Mr. Kemp. If what is desired is to provide for the underclass, the most painless way to do this is to encourage growth in the economy. That growth can't happen under our suffocating tax structure.

Mr. Kemp asks for a truce on the welfare front. Leave it alone. In return he asks for a solid, architectural reform in our tax policies.

What is especially original in his concrete proposals is his assumption that the President of the United States is empowered himself to take two drastic courses of action.

The first is to instruct the Secretary of the Treasury to index capital gains. The assumption is that indexation is a matter of purely clerical concern, that you should not need a congressional Act to instruct the Secretary of the Treasury to do something as obvious as not to charge for spurious increases in the value of land or stock or other property.

But Mr. Kemp goes further. He would have the new President instruct the Treasury Secretary to "stabilize the dollar value of the nation's gold reserves, say within a $30 band." Such action would "reinstate the dollar/gold link" that was broken in 1971 and that led to the worst inflation in the century.

If we reason backwards, we have a right to assume that if what Nixon did he had the authority to do, then to undo what Nixon did another President would have the authority to do.

Mr. Kemp then says: Look now at what would happen. For every 1 per cent decrease in the interest rate, $50 billion is lopped off the annual burden of the national debt. With capital gains indexed, a flood of realism pours into the marketplace, affecting farms and apartments and portfolios. It is another question how high genuine capital gains should be taxed—that would be a congressional decision.

And as for the tax code, the new President having used his own authority to take the two measures here outlined, let Congress proceed to work out a new system inspired by the flat-tax principle recommended by the Commission on Economic Growth and Tax Reform that Jack Kemp headed up last year.

Here is a fresh view, filling the lungs with hope and excitement. Mr. Dole is uniquely in a position to act on the Kemp manifesto. He could, just to begin with, endorse the two major proposals for executive action. And, in a spirit of bipartisanship, he could say that he would suspend any call for reducing existing welfare measures, testing whether the fiscal reforms had the effect of diminishing the heavy weight of welfare on the budget. And Mr. Dole could make a second, equally exciting move by announcing that he intended to name Jack Kemp as vice-presidential candidate. □

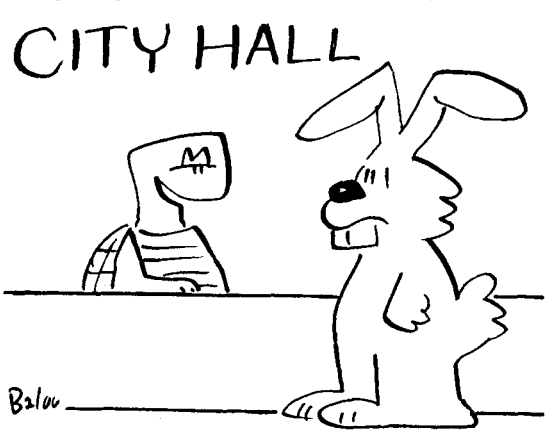
Tolerate Dole?

NEW YORK, JUNE 18

The division within the Republican Party at this writing is over the question how much tolerance is tolerable. The first step, as we know, had to do with the abortion issue. In the GOP platform, beginning in 1980, there has been a call for a constitutional amendment on the abortion question. There are several versions floating about on what language would be appropriate in such an amendment. The most permissive of these is simply to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*. In that event, every state, as was the case between 1789 and 1973, would be free to make its own laws. The strictest proposed amendment would impose a ban on abortions everywhere.

Senator Dole knows better, possibly, than any other man on earth what is and what is not going to happen when revising the Constitution comes up. He tried to get through an amendment that would forbid deficit spending, but failed. The chances of getting through an amendment that would absolutely forbid abortions has the same chance an amendment to abolish slavery would have had in 1850. He knows this, and so do informed partisans on both sides. For that reason the phraseology of the platform is the only substantive matter to fight over, and Senator Dole's contribution to Republican concinnity was his idea that the platform should also profess "tolerance" for positions different from the Pro-Life position.

But one recalls here the critic Hugh Kenner's stricture that writers should not hang their meaning on the correct place-



"I hope you're not in a big hurry."

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ment of a comma. Mr. Kenner was talking about newspapers and the necessary hustle and bustle of going to press every day. The Pro-Life people are talking about back-of-the-bus treatment on abortion. If the platform goes out of the way to express "tolerance" for deviation on abortion, doesn't that make it sound as though abortion were uniquely privileged to emerge as the issue on which ambivalence is permitted? After all, there's nothing proposed for the platform that expresses tolerance for those who oppose Social Security laws, or a federal post office, or free lunches for children.

So Senator Dole is now thinking to defuse the situation by getting the platform to state that the GOP is tolerant about other things, for instance, trade, gun control, and term limits. This is supposed to convey that the Republican Party will be happy to have the votes of anybody even if he favors high tariffs and gun control, and opposes term limits. Where does tolerance prospectively end? Presumably on issues where lobbies on one side or the other are so diminished in strength as not to have vast followings even in California.

Mr. Dole is said to make up his own mind about how to deal with political and indeed other matters. This is in refreshing contrast to the poll-watchers whose views are exactly tailored to plebiscitary readings of that day's opinions. But Mr. Dole needs to watch his step here. His tolerance/no tolerance zag suggests something less than consolidated thought on these politically sensitive issues.

What does not make much sense, to partisans either of Life or of Choice, is Bob Dole's attempt to play with words. We all know, or should, that political platforms are there to be seen but not acted on. It hurts the theatrical stand one wants to take to say this out in the open. But surely there are ways out of this. Senator Dole, with relative impunity, could say that in the best of all possible worlds there would be no abortion because there would be no unwanted children, but that the codification of the public mood on abortion is more than a platform could begin to handle, so that other than stating the paradigm (no abortions), the candidate will await the distillation of public opinion. There would be fireworks, but not the kind that last from now until November.

Senator Dole needs encouragement from his friends and supporters. The polls have given him a little lift in the past few days and there may be, creeping into the voter's mind, some sense of the gravitas of Bob Dole. He really does have it, so much so that one is occasionally tempted to reject the nickname and refer to him as Robert Dole. He is a handsome man; his countenance is both that of the American who enjoys impieties at the Mark Twain level, and that of the American one goes to war with, knowing that, at your side, is a noble man and true companion. The other stuff he's not very good at, and it goes against his natural character as presidential candidate. □

Down Amsterdam Way

NEW YORK, JUNE 14

AMSTERDAM

The story has been around for a while. Still, it's a striking experience. They are called "coffee shops," and you bump into the first of many verbal games here, like the confusion between "legal" and "illegal." In formal logic, the law of contradiction specifies that something cannot both be and not be at the same time. Not so in Amsterdam, as witness the coffee houses. They are illegal, and protected by the state.

You are led in and the appointments are tidy-seedy. The wooden counter must have looked second-hand when it was built. The walls are undecorated. The six or eight tables are for four people, the chairs utilitarian. You ask for (you have been coached) the "menu" and are given a handwritten page splotchy in appearance that lists twelve items. The first two are types of hashish. The ensuing are brands of marijuana, the one at the bottom designated "Spunk." It is the newest and evidently most popular. The price schedule works through your mind, translating guilders into dollars. You ask questions of your three guides, two of them officials from the health department. It translates to about two dollars for a joint. How much of the stuff can you buy and take out with you? "Legally, five grams, which means three of the above." Actually-legally, thirty grams. See if you can follow this: If anybody should stop you on the street (extremely unlikely) and you have more than thirty grams on you, the presumption is that you are engaged in marijuana trafficking, rather than merely in using the stuff for yourself and the kids. What happens? You are at least warned.

There is an Orwellian shade drawn over the whole scene. There are complicated reasons why the Dutch don't just go ahead and say it's legal, period. There are international covenants to be worried about. And the authorities like to have a sanction in the closet, in case they want to get tough. To get served in the coffee houses you have to be 17. If you sell to a 16-year-old the authorities can take away your license. How threatening is this? Not very; it doesn't happen much. Yes, there is a looming threat to reduce the number of coffee shops in Amsterdam, talk even of cutting the number (450) in half. That would hurt the individual proprietor because the typical coffee shop takes in $150,000 per year. Not a gold mine; call it a silver mine.

But the attitude of the governors of all this business is very far from flippant. They are wholly dedicated to the proposition that drugs are a very grave health problem but not a problem best dealt with by criminal sanctions. The Dutch draw an entirely plausible line between the soft drugs (the marijuana family) and the hard drugs (cocaine, etc.). They are fastidiously concerned with the data. The director of the health center in charge of the hard-drug section is a doctor, and he has been in the business for 18 years. The official guess is that the authorities know 85 per cent of the hard-drug users, who have no reservations about identifying themselves, at least not because they fear criminal prosecution. What they get if they turn themselves in or are caught is treatment. The conversation in the corridor to the man behind the windowpane is interrupted. A middle-aged man of weatherbeaten appearance, Arab in skin and features, comes in, gives the woman behind the desk a number. She enters it instantly into her computer and in a nanosecond hands her client a vial which there and then he empties into his mouth. He then drops the container into a bin and leaves. Methadone.

What happens down the line? Half of them respond to treatment and kick the hard-drug habit. The other half? "After 15 years, if they don't make it, we stop the methadone. Hard on the lungs. We administer the drug."

What is the large view of this? Well, the drug users are getting treated, and have no need to engage in criminal activity to support their habit. The big picture?

—The most encouraging datum: In 1985, 28 per cent of hard-drug users were younger than 26 years old. In 1995, 4 per cent were under 26. Meaning? Hard-drug experimentation is rapidly declining among the young. Another datum: Crime by drug users is down.

The people tackling the problem aren't to be confused with the types one finds here and there who are simply soft on drugs. The anointed in the counter-drug culture would consider it heaven on earth if after the next ten years drug consumption were down to zero. It won't be, because these graphs are asymptotic, never reaching the goal line. But there is no appetite to stick people in jail. For robbing or killing, yes. But not for being stupid, which is what drug users mostly are. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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THE GIMLET EYE

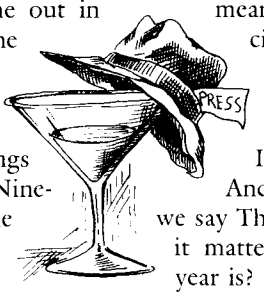
JOE BOB BRIGGS

WHAT are people talking about when they say, "Well, you know, it's the Nineties"? I have no idea what this means.

I mean, what do they expect me to say? "It is *not*. It's the *Sixties*"?

There was a movie out with a poster calling it "A Love Story for the Nineties."

Well, I *hope* it's for the Nineties, because the goldang movie came out in 1994. Even if you're doing the Kenneth Branagh version of *Oedipus*, it should be *for the Nineties*.



There have been a lot of things for the Nineties—cars for the Nineties, computer software for the Nineties, sweat socks for the Nineties.

Are there really this many people into *numerology*? Has everyone turned into a New Age rock-worshippin loonie who thinks that when the date goes from December 31, 1989, to January 1, 1990, something in the sky moves and we go into a different *mind zone* or something?

And what the hell does "The Nineties" mean? We've had three years with a Republican, three with a Democrat. We had two years with a bad economy, two years with a recovering economy, and two years with whatever-you-call this-while-someone-tries-to-figure-out-a-name-for-it. We had homeless people the whole time. We had the same bad TV shows over and over again. We had one real war, but it was over so quick we forgot about it. We had two years of Communism in Russia and two years *without* Communism, and then two years where they couldn't make up their minds.

In other words, what the hell *are* the Nineties, and what do people mean when they say that? (My personal favorite is "the Woman of the Nineties." For all I know, that means a lesbian.) And I get the impression, when people say "You need this new CD Player For the Nineties," that what they're really saying is that it's *better* than something you could buy in the Eighties.

But that's not really the way people say it on the street. They always *shrug* when they say it, like, "Oh, well, you know, *it's the Nineties.*" If you say "It's a Nineties Thing," a lot of people mean, "It's all screwed up, we'll never fix it, and they're all crooks anyway."

So which is it? Does The Nineties mean new and different and special and modern? Or does it mean crummy and cynical and broken-down and stupid?

It can't be *both* things, right? And if it *is* both things, why do we say The Nineties at all? Why does it matter what the *number* of the year is? Why don't we just say "Today"?

Am I thinking about this too much? I don't think so. First of all, if we *are* gonna get into numerology, why don't we think bigger than ten-year increments? After all, we're four years away from a *thousand-year* change. Why aren't we saying, "Well, it's one of those end-of-the-millennium things. Gutenberg had a great ride while he lasted, don't ya think?" I bet you we don't even have much of a celebration of the Year 2000, except for the fundamentalists who think the world is gonna explode, and the New Agers who think we'll be transported to Oz or tuned into cubic-zirconium bracelets.

But if you can be transported into a media frenzy by the simple movement from 1989 to 1990, shouldn't they already be renting rotogravure plants all over North America for this? They *must* think *something* will happen, or at least that it's important that we realize that it's 2,000 years after the birth of Christ—even the people who don't *believe* in Christ. In fact, I'm sure most of the media by then will be calling it the year 2000 C.E., which means "Common Era." To which I say, if they're gonna change it, couldn't they come up with something a little more *snazzy*? "Common Era." It sounds like a lazy teenager's name for it. "I guess I'll lie here on the couch today—it's just another day in the Common Era."

So anyhow, the idea of the year 2000 got me to wondering what they did to celebrate the year 1000. After all, if you're into numbers, the celebration for the first thousand should be a bigger deal than the *second* thousand years.

In fact, why don't we ever talk about the *first* thousand years after Christ? Most of us act like history started in 1776. Some of us are willing to go back to 1619, or 1607. People in England go back to 1066. But when it comes to those first thousand years, we *just don't think about it*. (I won't even mention the years *before* Christ. For the last ten years, they've been trying to get all the Greek and Roman writers kicked out of the college curriculum.)

BUT the people who were living in the year 1000, they *had* to think about it. And if they did, they probably thought:

Wow! A lotta water under the bridge. A thousand years ago, the Romans were killing the Christians. Then seven hundred years ago a Roman emperor became a Christian. Then six hundred years ago the Romans started killing the non-Christians. Then about three hundred years ago the Romans and the Greeks divided up into two different Christian churches. The Goths came out of nowhere and took over half of Europe. The Huns came out of nowhere and went back to nowhere. We had the Avars, the Bulgars, the Persians, we probably had five million people die in various wars. We had nine or ten plagues, we had the Franks take over everything under Charlemagne. There was that time when North Africa was the center of civilization. We had religious wars, land wars, family wars, wars with barbarians. In fact, so much has happened, and so many empires have come and gone, and everything is so totally changed, that it makes you grateful to live in the modern year 1000, when everything is finally settled and peaceful, and whatever you are—a Persian or a Khazar or a Roman or a Bulgar tribesman—at least you're safe from having your whole civilization destroyed. In fact, let's plant a little marker here on the square of Ctesiphon, the most famous city in the East, and a thousand years from now all the citizens of Ctesiphon will remember us and know that we made it all possible.

I imagine it was something like that.□

Mr. Briggs is a syndicated columnist from Grapevine, Texas.

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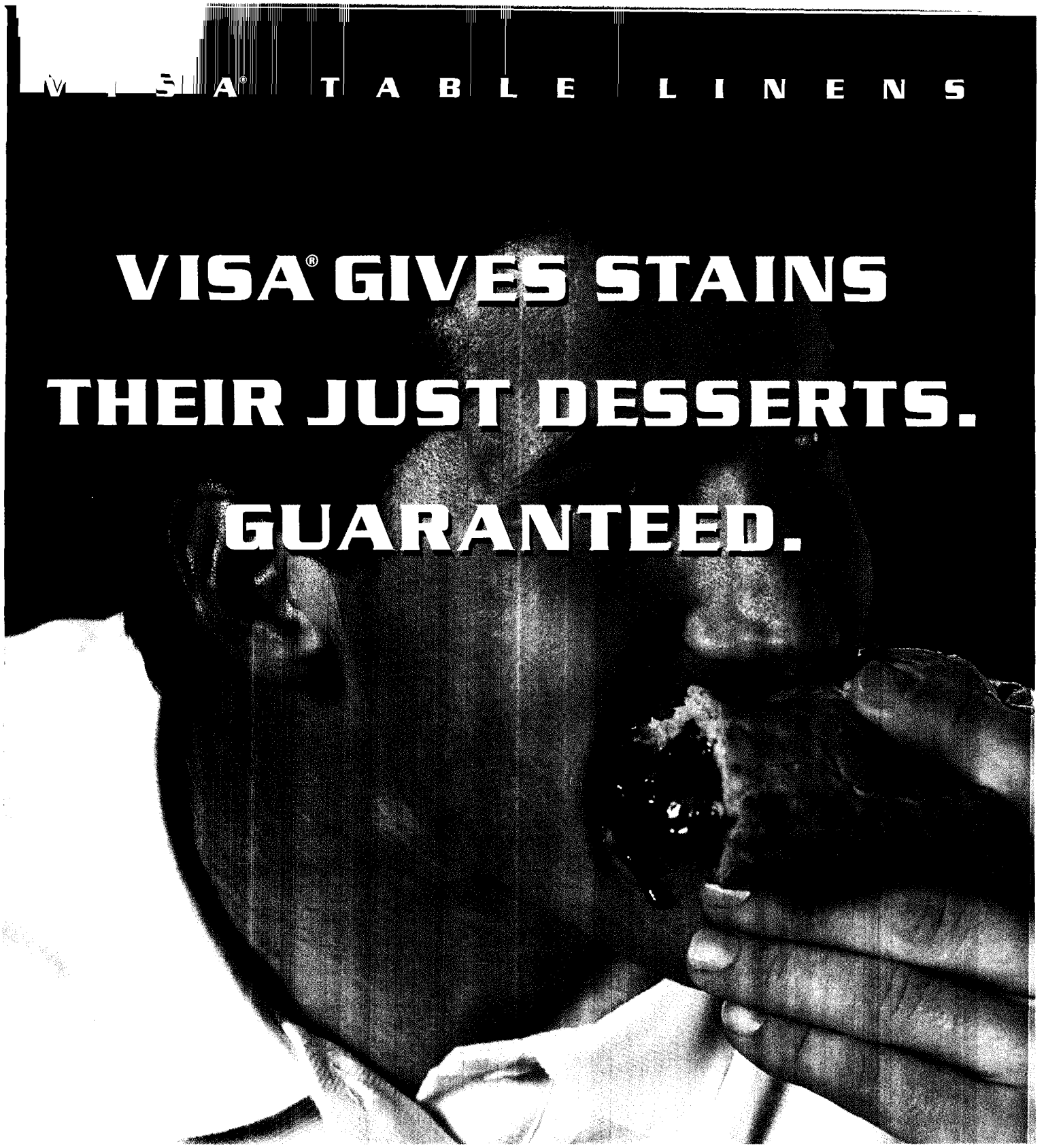

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